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Week of Jan. 4, 1948

Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Princess OF THE OZARKS

By Irmis Johnson

Destiny Guided Princess Victoria Marina in Her Choice of a New Title—Just Plain Mrs. Kirby Patterson of Missouri.

AN INFANT princess crying wilfully in her satin-lined basinet in the palatial Kiel, Germany, home of her father, Prince Adalbert, third son of the late Kaiser Wilhelm II, couldn't know anything about destiny, or about how circumstances form the threads from which the pattern of each individual's life is woven.

A sturdy 10-year-old boy playing mumbly-peg and one old cat with other small fry in the backyard of his Springfield, Mo., home wouldn't be likely to think much about the future, or about princesses—even of the fairyland type.

Yet, ever since the year 1917, when Her Imperial Highness, Princess Victoria Marina, granddaughter of the Kaiser and great-great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was born, a chain of events has been leading the princess and the Ozark boy named Kirby Patterson toward a single path down which they now will travel together.

For Marina and Kirby that journey together started at the altar of a little Lutheran church in Missouri recently when she gave up her royal title in exchange for the simple name of Mrs. Patterson.

Now, while she washes the dishes, dusts her third-floor apartment in the roomy old Patterson home and prepares the meals for her lawyer-husband, Marina may say to herself:

"It was fate that brought me to the Ozarks. If I hadn't happened to meet Mrs. Gladys Burger Stewart in Washington, I wouldn't even have known that there was a Kirby Patterson in the world."

The romance of this beautiful blonde princess who frequently called herself by her lesser title, the Countess Lingen, in order to seem less regal, appears to be as simple as that—yet it really wasn't.

To bring her and her Ozarks suitor together, it took two wars; such poverty in a royal family that its only daughter felt she must go out in the world—even come to the United States—and hunt for a job; such charm on the part of the princess that she formed many friendships even at a time when she might be called "royalty from the wrong side of the railroad tracks"; and it took at least one failure—Marina's inability to land a job at the embassy in Washington, because, after all, she was an enemy alien.

Then, too, it couldn't have happened if the 40-year-old, well-to-do Kirby Patterson hadn't remained one of Springfield's most eligible bachelors all of these years, despite the many Ozark beauties who set their caps for him.

Marina, born at such an unfortunate time in the history of her native Germany, spent her childhood in a 14-room house in the small town of Bahhomburg, near Frankfort-on-Main, instead of in a palace. But there were 10 servants, even in that unpretentious domain.

Then one day, when bearing the stamp of royalty became a hazard in Germany, Prince Adalbert fled with his family to Montreaux, Switzerland. There Marina felt the painful pinch of poverty, and a little more than a year ago came hopefully to the United States.

The statuesque beauty, six-foot-four-or-five in her nylons, was well prepared for a secretarial job at any of the legations, since she is a good stenographer, speaks five languages and understands protocol.

Her status as an enemy alien—since no treaty has been signed between Germany and the Allies—would have made even a scrub-woman's job impossible.

Filled with depression at her failure, the girl, who is directly related to almost every crowned head in Europe, returned to her parents in Switzerland, but her independent spirit had not been conquered.

She waited several months, then made a second attempt to find a suitable future for herself in the land that has offered opportunity to so many before her.

Strangely, it was in Washington, where all doors had been closed to her as a job-seeker, that she made the new friendship that opened a far more important door—the one that leads to romance and matrimony.

Mrs. Gladys Burger Stewart, a lawyer in Nixa, Mo., which is a small town 10 miles south of Springfield, makes frequent business trips to the nation's capital.

There she met and admired the Princess Marina. She invited the young woman to visit her in the Ozarks. Marina accepted.

At one of the parties given in her honor, the 30-year-old German beauty met Kirby Patterson, son of a former circuit judge and himself a successful lawyer, who had spent nearly three years in the European theatre during the war.

If fate had decreed that these two were to marry, some may say, why didn't Kirby find Marina overseas?

The important thing is that they did find each other and felt the irresistible attraction, although Marina says:

"It was not love at first sight. I have to be convinced with my head before my heart.

"When you have gone through what I have, lost everything—well, you have to convince your head first."

Kirby, who has to look up to his new wife, not because of her royal birth, but because she is several inches taller than he is, just smiles and says:

"I'm very lucky."

Unlike Philip Mountbatten, who recently married Marina's second cousin, the heiress-presumptive, Princess Elizabeth, Kirby Patterson doesn't have to worry about protocol in social circles or in his own home.

Marina serenely promised to obey her American husband when she took her marriage vows—and she says she meant it.

She has an abiding faith in the strange destiny that directed her from far-away Prussia to the Ozarks and changed her from a Hohenzollern Princess into a Missouri housewife.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

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BRAND NEW, BEAUTIFUL YEAR—SAME OLD DULL, OILY COMPLEXION! PAT, I'VE JUST GOT TO FIND A WAY TO FIX UP MY SKIN!
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A WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
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YES! Regardless of your Age . . . Type of Skin, or what Beauty Care you've used before!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

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- Less Oily
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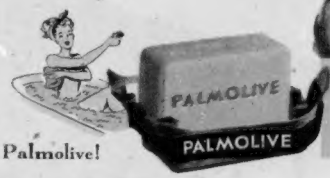

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Mickey Lane's MARRIAGE LAW MUDDLE

Poor Mickey—Married by One Ruling, Unmarried by Another—And Still Completely Bewildered

By Warren Hall

MICKEY LANE, former show girl and daughter of the late Justice Max Solomon of New York City Court of Special Sessions, is completely baffled—and it's the law that's done it.

She doesn't know whether she is single, married or divorced—a plight which would seem to set a new high for legal confusion, complexity and contradictions.

At one hearing, the New York Supreme Court annulled her marriage to her second husband on the grounds that a Nevada divorce from her first husband was invalid.

Nevertheless, the same court, at a subsequent hearing, recently refused to recognize her as still married to her first husband.

This inter-state conflict between divorce laws has brought on a situation as confusing as the night Mickey's second husband chased a supposed rival through a major league ball park and as unconventional as the evening when, her first husband charged, she waited for his first snore and then hurried out to meet another man.

Mickey, whose real name is Minna, was in a Broadway chorus at the time she married Julius (Jack) Braunstein, a department store buyer, in 1926. They had a son, now 16, and got along fairly well until 1940, when Braunstein sued for divorce in Manhattan.

He was an astute businessman, so much so that Mickey now claims he makes $250,000 a year, but he said then in an affidavit:

"She evidently has considered me dumb and blind, and finally became so careless that I could no longer be kept in ignorance.

"When a wife is so infatuated with a man that she leaves her home at midnight to meet him, while her husband is asleep in the adjoining bedroom, it is only a question of time before the husband must wake up."

After he "woke up," Braunstein said, they separated and he agreed to pay $30 a week for the support of their boy.

Later he sued for divorce, charging that Mickey was entirely too fond of two Brooklyn doctors and naming in particular Dr. Frederick Lane, who was a baby specialist and former Columbia University football star.

"I had hoped the separation would teach her a lesson for the sake of our child," he said, "but I learned that Dr. Lane was at her apartment every night, that she was cooking for him, and that the money I gave her for the support of the child was being used to entertain Dr. Lane."

Mickey replied that she had never been unfaithful and that her husband merely wanted to be rid of her.

She cited one occasion on which he threw her in a closet and hit her with a clothes hanger; another on which he punched a man who asked to dance with her; another on which he tore her evening dress and pushed her to the floor because she asked for money to tip a waitress.

The New York suit was abandoned when Mickey went to Reno and obtained a decree there. A few months later she married Dr. Lane.

The doctor, after serving with the Navy in the Pacific and winning a Bronze Star, dropped in at the Polo Grounds one evening in 1946 to watch a night game between the Giants and the Chicago Cubs. He had difficulty in keeping his eyes on the players because, he said, he discovered his wife sitting a few seats in front of him with another man.

She turned around, saw him, and jumped up and ran. The doctor slipped into her seat and told her companion:

"I suppose you know that's my wife you're out with."

After a few remarks the two began to trade punches. Dr. Lane, who hadn't forgotten his football training, soon outpointed his opponent and chased him through the stands. They were halted by the guards at a lower exit, where Mickey reappeared and started hitting her husband on the head. The police put a stop to the whole business.

Mickey, who was a model at one time and also attained night club reputation as a torch singer, seems to have had a peculiar affinity for trouble, even when she had no part in starting it.

She was in her New York hotel room one evening not long ago, minding her own business, when she heard a rap on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A messenger," answered a male voice.

She opened the door, and in came two men with pointing pistols. Mickey screamed and was felled with a vicious punch in the face, but her outcry had been heard by a 16-year-old girl, who called the police. One intruder was captured; the other escaped. It developed later that the two men had been looking for a $40,000 gem haul and had entered Mickey's room by mistake.

But there was no mistaking the way the torch singer's second husband felt about her.

Dr. Lane was so anxious to sever all relations with Mickey that he filed three suits—one for divorce, one for separation and one for annulment.

In the divorce suit he charged that Mickey had kept a hotel rendezvous with her Polo Grounds escort, whom he identified as Stanley Malkin, "a bookmaker for baseball games."

Mickey declared Malkin was merely her partner in a lingerie shop. Malkin insisted he was no bookie, had never misconducted himself with Mrs. Lane and, furthermore, was unjustly attacked at the ball game. He instituted a $25,000 damage suit.

To add to the confusion, Mickey brought a countersuit for separation. She said the doctor was far more attentive to his women patients than professional ethics required and added that she frequently found lipstick on his face, his handkerchiefs and his shirts.

In the next stage of the proceedings, the annulment suit won out. Supreme Court Justice Morris Eder ruled that Mickey's second marriage was invalid because she and Braunstein had never been legally divorced, since neither was a bona fide resident of Nevada when the decree was granted.

That left Mickey, from her point of view, still Mrs. Braunstein, despite the fact that her first husband had since remarried.

This was a rather embarrassing situation, but, on the other hand, Braunstein was a much wealthier man than when they had separated. She promptly sued him for a $750 weekly alimony and $7,500 counsel fees.

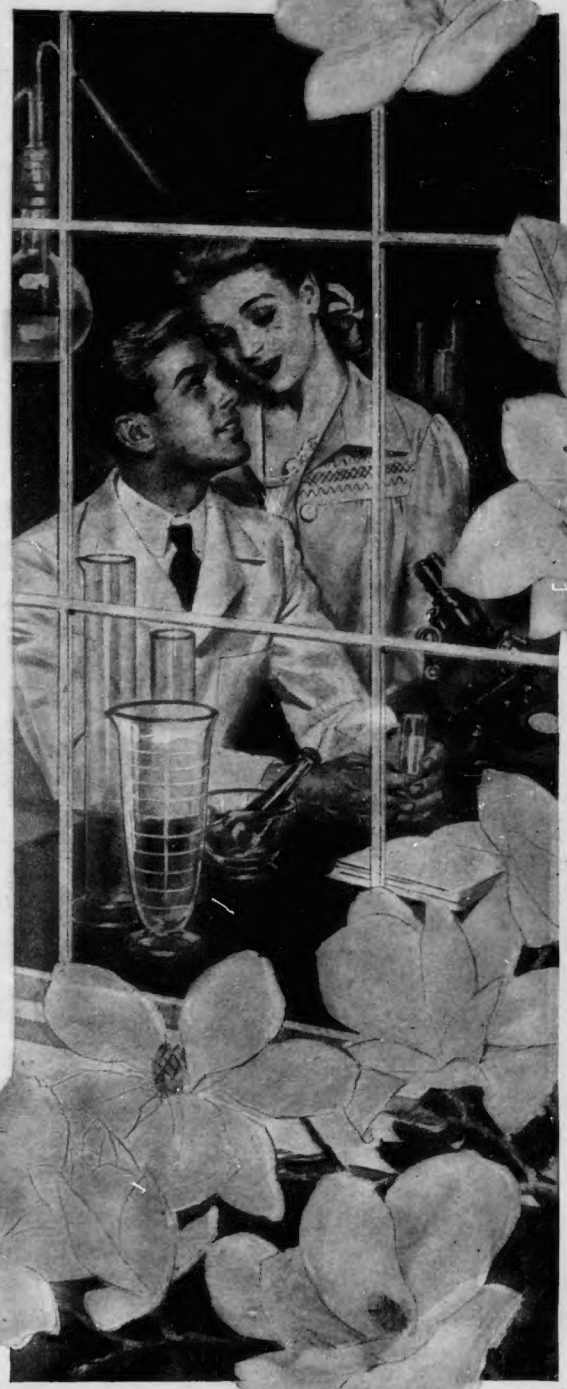
"My husband," she said in her complaint, "is a resident buyer with extensive offices. He has a branch office in Los Angeles. He is well known in his particular field. He employs numerous people and does a gross business of over a million dollars. His income is approximately $250,000 a year. He has a controlling interest in many department stores."

Braunstein replied that the Nevada decree, as far as he was concerned, was still in effect, and the court, agreeing with him, dismissed Mickey's complaint, leaving her married by one ruling, and unmarried by another.

By D. A. Laird, Ph. D., Sc. D.

LOVE *in the* LABORATORY

For the Third Time Romance and Skill Have Successfully Combined to Bring the Nobel Prize to a Devoted Couple



Their Teamwork Began When the Girl Offered to Help Her Fellow Student and Ever Since Then the Coris Have Continued to Inspire Each Other.

Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO

SCIENCE, which looks coldly at love as something to be dissected, examined and catalogued, owes not a few of its greatest triumphs to that unscientific emotion. Only the other day a Nobel Prize went for the third time to a married couple whose devotion to each other and to research, had inspired a notable achievement.

When Carl Cori enrolled in the University of Prague Medical School in Czechoslovakia 33 years ago he was annoyed to find a red-haired girl at the adjoining desk. He had considered women frivolous, but this one, he found, was different. She handled her own work capably and made several helpful suggestions about his.

Dr. Gerty Cori has been offering helpful suggestions to Dr. Carl Cori ever since. They were married soon after they graduated in 1920. In two years they acquired such a reputation in biochemistry that Dr. Carl was invited to a post at the New York Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases in Buffalo. Dr. Gerty accompanied him, not only as his wife, but as his assistant in the laboratory.

In 1931 they went to Washington University in St. Louis, Dr. Carl as head of the Department of Pharmacology and Dr. Gerty as his aid.

Their teamwork produced numerous important discoveries, but half of the 1947 Nobel Prize in Medicine ($48,921) was awarded them for isolating the enzyme which begins the process of converting animal starch into sugar within the body.

Even more successful as a husband-and-wife team were Pierre and Marie Curie. Daughter of a Warsaw professor, Marie Sklodowska had been trained in science by her father. When she arrived penniless in Paris to continue her studies she lived on 10 cents a day, earned by tending the furnace and washing bottles at the Sorbonne.

A few months after she began research work under the tutelage of Pierre Curie, a promising young instructor, he wrote her: "What a grand thing it would be to unite our lives and work together for the good of science and humanity." Marie Sklodowska understood and accepted.

They were together for 11 years—and their crowning achievement was the isolation of radium.

When Pierre was run down and killed while crossing a Paris street in 1906, Marie collapsed into a coma. For months she was on the verge of death, but she finally recovered. She succeeded her husband as professor of physics at the Sorbonne and cemented her place as the foremost woman scientist in history.

The 1903 Nobel physics prize went to Pierre and Marie, and in 1935 the chemistry prize was awarded to their eldest daughter, Irene, and her husband, Dr. Frederic Joliot-Curie.

When Adolf Lorenz met red-haired Emma, four years after he graduated from a Vienna medical school, he had developed an allergy to chemicals and couldn't be near them. He was thinking of becoming a monk, but Emma persuaded him to visit other clinics.

On his return he told her of the many crippled children he had seen and the futility of attempts to cure them. Emma urged him to try to straighten crooked limbs and offered to help. His use of plaster casts was amazingly successful. Rival physicians laughingly called him "the plaster doctor," but in a few years they respectfully called him the bloodless surgeon.

Dr. Lorenz had the confidence to tackle cases that others considered hopeless, but he lacked the courage to tell Emma what was on his mind. One day she blurted:

"Seven years is long enough. Why don't we get married? I'll make a better assistant than any of your clumsy orderlies." She was his wife and co-worker for over 50 years.

John Brashear secretly married his landlady's daughter and was kicked out of the house when her father found them kissing. He and Phoebe moved into a place on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. During the day John helped to build engines for river boats. In the evenings he told Phoebe the things his grandfather had taught him about the stars.

As soon as their savings allowed, the young couple began to build a telescope to bring the stars closer. They powered their home-made machinery with an old steam engine. Late afternoons, while John was still at the factory, Phoebe started the boiler and had steam ready for their joint work when he came home.

Construction of their first lens took three years. They wanted a bigger one, and spent two more years making it. Just as the finishing touches were being applied, there was a hollow sound. The mirror cracked.

John wanted to quit, but that afternoon when he came home he saw smoke pouring from the little shed behind the house. Phoebe had steam up in the boiler.

The shed became a large factory for precision equipment, turning out some of the world's finest astronomical instruments. "Uncle John" and "Ma" Brashear lie side by side now in the Allegheny Observatory, where a bronze plaque proclaims:

"We loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night."

MILLION-DOLLAR Baby

F. W. Woolworth Lived a Latter Life of Ease, Product of Earnest Application in His Youth—Little Barbara Hutton Watched the Parade of Splendor With Awe, Then Learned a Few Things About Parading Herself.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

By John K. Winkler

FORTUNATELY for Barbara Hutton, her grandfather never had a premonition that she was going to grow up and take as her third titled husband Russian Prince Igor Troubetzkoy, as she recently did. Otherwise, the man who built a tremendous fortune in quick turnovers might have performed another one, and Barbara might have climbed off his knee with her face the bright red of a Woolworth store front.

F. W. Woolworth had no use for "cheap titled people who are after the American girl and her money." Or for wealthy American girls who try to buy their way into the inner circles and forget their humble origins.

Prince Igor is Barbara's fourth husband. The first was Prince Alexis Mdivani of the Georgian province of Russia. After their divorce he was killed in an automobile accident in Spain.

Danish Count Haugwitz von Reventlow was the second, and that one wound up in divorce, too. Cary Grant, nee Archibald Leach, from the London music halls, was husband No. 3.

He had no title but he had a British accent, which gave him a running start in the race for the Hutton hand. The heiress, whose millions came from American nickels, dimes and quarters.

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Barbara and No. 4, Prince Igor Troubetzkoy.

Grandfather Woolworth Would Turn Over in His Grave If He Knew That the Fortune Built by America's Nickels and Dimes Was Jingling in the Pocket of Granddaughter Barbara's Fourth European Husband

has never had much time for American men.

Her grandfather, who won his title of merchant prince in his shirtsleeves, wrote from England during a vacation tour before his death in 1919:

"This castle (Blenheim) is the home of the Duke of Marlborough and was the home of the Duchess, (Consuela Vanderbilt) who now refuses to live with him.

"This famous estate of 70,000 acres is sadly run down because the Duke is no longer in receipt of enormous sums from his American father-in-law, W. K. Vanderbilt.

"The Duke spends all he can get hold of in fast living in Paris, London, Monte Carlo, etc. He has not the power to sell his land or great works of art, sculpture or furniture. How much better it would have been if he had been obliged to learn the five and ten cent business at $6 per week and become a commercial man instead of as we see him now—no use to anyone and no satisfaction to himself."

Like his bride—if she is still his bride as she was when this was written—Prince Igor never had to work a day in his life, although his parents, Prince Nicholas and Princess Catherina Troubetzkoy, have been living in moderate circumstances in France since they left Russia in 1905.

Prince Igor insists he did too work, once, as a customers' man for a Paris brokerage house. His British friends say he worked another time as a pedaler, winning the French interscholastic cycling title.

He likes skiing, too, which brought him in contact with Barbara Hutton and, therefore, must be considered the most profitable of all amateur sports.

WHETHER Prince Igor got as big a share of the Hutton fortune, estimated at a minimum of $50,000,000, as did Prince Alexis Mdivani and Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow is problematical.

Prince Alexis, the first to step into the golden ring, received as his marriage portion a string of polo ponies—and $1,000,000 in cash.

Reventlow came away from the ceremony with the standard sum, another million dollars, it was reported. Later he received custody of their son, Lance, in Denmark divorce proceedings and a trust fund was set up for Lance's support.

It was her standard practice to make the bridegroom sign a statement to keep his hands off the Hutton fortune. Cary Grant, who didn't have a title, didn't get any money and didn't need it, what with his huge Hollywood salary.

Comparatively speaking, Prince Igor shouldn't have received more than $500,000 because skiing and bicycling are inexpensive sports. But he can apply for a refund on the $117 he paid at the town registry in Chur, Switzerland, for the privilege of marrying.

"My funds are getting low," he said ruefully, which was a hint with all the subtlety of a brickbat.

When Barbara was only four years old, fate ordained that she should receive a large share of Grandfather Woolworth's fortune. Her mother, Mrs. Edna Woolworth Hutton, died alone in the Franklyn Hutton apartment while trying to get to a window in her desperate need for air.

She was Frank Woolworth's favorite daughter and he immediately "adopted" granddaughter Barbara.

From then until he died two years later, Woolworth formally invited the girl to visit him daily in his enormous mansion at 990 Fifth avenue.

His was the proud delight of a small boy displaying his new toys as he led little Barbara through the rooms of the great house built with nickels and dimes and quarters.

The master bedroom and the music room were his particular delights. In his bedroom the merchant prince slept, or fidgeted or ate, under a gold embroidered tester of red velvet, an exact copy of the canopy over the throne of Napoleon.

THE bedroom was his last stronghold as he grew fat and flabby, scorning exercise in all forms and satisfying his youthful desires for the richest foods he could call to mind. There, in a chamber that royalty might envy, he ordered his meals and snacks served at all hours of the day and night.

Lobster and terrapin, pheasant and rarebits and, reguarly, bananas—especially overripe bananas, the fruit he had coveted in his boyhood but had been too expensive for young Woolworth.

In the music room, which was more like a castle, the two—the overworked merchant prince and the chubby, brown-eyed child with the flaxen hair—would sit solemnly and listen, and watch. The entertainment was a sort of forerunner of television and the room's reported cost was $250,000.

Colored lights were concealed in the ceiling, controlled by a system of buttons. Buttons also controlled the panel of the great organ.

A push of a button would start a symphony, and other buttons would change the room color scheme to follow the theme of the music.

The famous composers could be introduced, visually, before their compositions were played.

"It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," Barbara said later.

That was before she started seeing princes and counts, however.

She was a sweet and simple little girl when she enjoyed these concerts. According to Prince Igor, she hasn't changed, very much. Said he:

"She is like a child, sweet and shy, and finds pleasure in the simplest little things.

"She's an extremely simple person. Not at all blase.

"I longed for a genuine human being and then, a year ago, I met Barbara in Paris. She is a wonderful person: quiet, peaceful and of rare steadiness. We understand each other excellently and have the same tastes in art, books and plans for our future life.

"My wife knows France very well and loves it as much as I do. She is much more European than American."

MILLIONS of Americans will doubtless agree with that last statement.

Barbara said that on this honeymoon she would like to settle in India for a while. Could she already be thinking that perhaps her next husband might be a maharajah, a title she hasn't yet attempted to buy, since most Oriental potentates are themselves fabulously wealthy.

Assuming that the marriage outlasts the honeymoon, which had just begun when this was being written, it might be risky for them to settle in Nice—a spot that is apparently unlucky for the Troubetzkoys, as far as marriage is concerned.

Igor's parents, Prince Nicholas and Catherina, the former 65 and the latter 55 and a former dancer, went to Nice to have their second honeymoon four years ago. They have barely spoken to each other since.

The elder prince, a former sculptor, moved into a drab flat and quickly gained the name of recluse. The princess, on the other hand, plunged into life on the Riviera, and became known as one of the gay spot's champion bridge players. Maybe the reason for the separation was that Prince Nicholas' sight began to fail and he could not see the cards properly.

Prince Igor likes his mother. There was no love lost between father and son.

Friends of Prince Igor's youth say that after winning the interscholastic bike racing championship he turned professional in 1934, when he retired from the sport and began to teach wealthy and flabby foreigners how to pedal a bicycle.

HE TOLD reporters he had fought for France on the Italian front during World War II, and managed to escape to the unoccupied zone when the occupation occurred. Other newspapermen say that he must have escaped to Paris, because that's where they first knew him as a customers' man for a brokerage house.

His face is lean and the nose aquiline.

But the most interesting features are the eyes. One observer reported:

"He's always darting them nervously to the left and right. Like a fellow on a strange horse who's afraid it's going to throw him."

It's happened before. His fall would be soft, however, cushioned by U. S. currency made for him nearly 30 years ago by F. W. Woolworth.

(Continued Next Week)

Crankshaft test, built by creative imagination at Chrysler Corporation

They torture steel until it screams out loud!

These people are listening to part of an automobile actually shrieking.

They are watching a test devised by our engineers to make sure your engine's "backbone"—the crankshaft—will give long, trouble-free service.

The test can duplicate, in an afternoon, *years* of the hardest strain you could give this part of your car's engine . . . as if you were driving it at top speed day after day.

The yellow and black piece at the top of the device is a section of crankshaft. The blue bars hanging from it are heavy metal. Electronically vibrated at terrific speed, they try to tear the shaft apart.

From this test our engineers gather new information on crankshaft strain and strength. As a result, they have been able to build extra sturdiness and longer life into our cars' engines.

Sometimes they run the test until the steel cracks. Then the deep hum of the machine changes to the screech of metal punished beyond endurance. In this way they learn where endurance limits are, and how to extend them.

This test is another example of how practical *imagination*, applied in many ways, gives extra value to the owners of Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

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Airtemp Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • **Chrysler** Marine & Industrial Engines • **Dodge** Job-Rated Trucks • **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products • **Mopar** Parts & Accessories • **Cycleweld**

Time BOMBING Our Descendants

LIFE is continuously changing its inheritable patterns. From old stocks, new ones arise. This process, due to the alterations in the hereditary substances—genes—of the parents, is called "mutation."

Man's invention of atomic energy generators, and other sources of radiations, promises to speed up mutations, even with some harmful possibilities. Prof. Muller describes what it all means for us.

By H. J. Muller

1946 Nobel Prize Winner
Professor of Zoology
Indiana University

MUTATIONS are not confined to bizarre monstrosities. Like it or not, you, the reader, carry many mutations.

That is, many of your own hereditary elements, or "genes," differ from the normal of the population, by reason of a sudden permanent alteration that occurred in some ancestor, usually a very remote one.

Luckily, most of these changes have been inherited from both your parents at once.

Yet your mutations are responsible for many inborn bodily idiosyncrasies, which every good family physician takes into account when treating you, and also for such of your mental proclivities and peculiarities as have an hereditary basis.

Were it not for mutations, there would have been no progress possible in living things. In fact, matter could never have reached the stage called "living" at all. Nevertheless, the vast majority of mutations are harmful, and may even kill before birth.

The heredity of any species may slowly improve despite this. That is because there is a "natural selection," because, in a state of nature, the individuals most saddled with harmful mutations tend to die off, while the few having the very rare (and usually small) beneficial mutations tend to multiply more than the rest.

To civilized man the large-scale dying off which this natural process necessitates is abhorrent, and we mercifully try to prevent it by medication and many other means. That is, we try to perpetuate the bad mutations.

This being the case, we should avoid doing anything which would increase the frequency of mutations, for this would permanently increase our ills.

It may be that mankind will one day reach a stage at which the process of selection will be made humane. But until then mutations occurring at random in ourselves undoubtedly spell misery.

When it comes to cultivated plants and domestic animals, there are occasions when it may be useful to produce mutations galore.

For here we need have no scruples in practicing drastic selection, culling out, of the many unfavorable types.

Even here, however, we can usually, by searching in a large population, find so many mutations already provided naturally that among them some of the desired types will be included.

Our chief purpose at present, then, in trying to produce mutations, is to increase our knowledge about the genes, about the biological basis of all life, and about the way in which it has evolved.

We cannot yet tell just where such knowledge will lead.

True, it is the dream of some biologists that perhaps some day, given this understanding, we may be able to attain a better control over the properties of all living things than we now have.

This might even mean the production of desired mutations to order. But as a first step in these directions we must at least find some crude means of altering the genes, even though we cannot control the type of change produced.

For many years the quest for ways of changing the genes seemed blocked at every attempt. The genes are so well protected, inside the cell and the body, that efforts to alter them without killing the body failed repeatedly.

X-rays and the similar radiations from radioactive substances, however, were finally found to work.

These rays are insidious enough to steal through the body's defenses and, once on the inside, to loose their blast at the gene itself.

In this way over a hundred times as many mutations may be produced in an individual (to plague his descendants but usually not himself), than would occur in him naturally.

Researches carried on during the war by Auerback and Robson at Edinburgh have disclosed that mustard gas has a similar action.

All these mutations, however, are produced at haphazard—we are far from being able to direct the kind of mutation that will occur in any given case and nearly all are harmful.

We have mentioned that unless a mutation has been inherited from both parents at once it seldom has much effect. Nevertheless, it will be handed down. It will usually be some tens or hundreds of generations after a given mutation has happened, before two germ cells, both carrying this same peculiarity, will chance to meet.

Only then will an individual appear that bears the full brunt of the germinal disaster. It will seem as though the mutation has just occurred, but in reality it acted like a time bomb, far more delayed than any other known.

Moreover, the ailment will continue to be handed on indefinitely, to reappear at great but irregular intervals, or until its ill effects finally result in the dying out of the line containing it. Mutations, once produced, do not undergo repair.

In this way, every atomic bomb injures and kills far more people of future generations than of the time when it explodes. Its radiation is planting in today's survivors millions of these germinal time bombs for posterity to reap.

Even the peacetime employment of atomic energy, and, for that matter, of X-rays, will bear these long-term fruits, if we do not guard their use with the utmost rigor.

In the case of X-rays, it is very easy to do this, by suitable shields but the public as well as the medical profession is as yet insufficiently educated to the danger.

We, the temporary custodians of the germinal material which is to make the future populations, should do all we can to prevent these, our atomic sins, from visiting our descendants, however distant.

Yet, if we would give due heed to these inner factors, and expend upon the investigation of them the amount of time and effort that is due, we may in time discover further secrets of their natures, which would give us keys to progress of a kind hitherto unattainable.

When Prof. H. J. Muller Developed New Types of Flies by X-Raying the Ancestors, the Resulting "Mutants" Were Born With Wings Permanently in Abnormal Positions Such as Held by All Flies for Brief Periods.

"Stop the Train; I Want to Unload Here." Irwin Led His Seven Horses From the Car Into Eight Straight Victories at the Track.

Trainer Irwin AND HIS PATCHED-UP WINNERS

By Jack McDonald

MISS CHEYENNE had raced 12 times in 14 days at the Tanforan track near San Francisco and on the 15th day Trainer Charlie Irwin shipped his string of thoroughbreds south. His journey ended that afternoon at Riverside, Cal., when he saw a banner advertisement of a two-day meeting.

"Stop the train," he called to the conductor. "I want to unload here."

The horse car was shunted into a siding and Irwin's seven horses were led off the platform.

The meeting opened the next day with four races and there were four more on the second and closing day. Irwin's seven horses won all eight.

The double winner was Miss Cheyenne, chief bread-winner of the Irwin stable, who thus lifted her number of starts to 14 in 17 days.

The records show that Miss Cheyenne went to the post 96 times in all that year, undoubtedly a record. She was a small filly with bad legs when Irwin got her, yet she was perhaps the most over-raced horse in turf history.

Irwin, known to horsemen as "CB," believed race horses should be raced as often as possible.

"They don't do any good in the barn," he once explained. "They'd rather be out there running in the fresh air, anyway."

Irwin's horses, for all the times he ran them, performed extraordinarily well for him and one year he led all the other trainers in purse earnings. But the portly gentleman from Cheyenne had the misfortune to bet on his horses when they didn't win and wound up the year in bankruptcy.

Miss Cheyenne cost him nothing. He conducted an auction in Kentucky for Col. Phil Chinn and the colonel gave him the filly in payment for his services. Her underpinning was so fragile no one had put in a bid for her.

"Plenty of racing will leg her up," concluded "CB."

It wasn't that "CB" was a heartless man. On the contrary, he had a heart that matched his huge body. In his later years he weighed 535 pounds, though in his prime as a cowboy riding the Wyoming range he was trim enough and had an envied riding seat.

That "CB" was really a kindly soul was evidenced when Jockey M. Anderson was killed in a spill one afternoon before a large crowd. "CB" stood at an exit, ten gallon hat in hand, asking the outgoing throng to give generously to this boy's widow. Three thousand dollars fell in the hat and "CB" matched it dollar for dollar out of his own roll.

"CB" hated to see a single race go by without one of his horses in it. Once he entered a crack mare, Lizette, in the Governors Handicap opening day at Reno. But the Irwin horse train was late. Old "CB" chafed at the thought of missing a chance at that $5,000 inaugural purse. So when the freight pulled into near-by Sparks he telephoned the track management asking that the postward parade be stalled. He'd be a little late but he'd make it, he promised, looking at his watch.

The track needed the money Lizette would put into the handbooks, so the horses were trudged slowly postward. Soon the whistle of an approaching freight was heard. Lizette was in those cars. By the time she unloaded the horses were nearing the post. "CB" had Lizette galloped full speed from the unloading platform to the barrier, a mile distant. She got there just as the starter sent them away. And won!

"CB" owned an old plater named Tubby A., ran the horse five times in as many days in the mud at Omaha and won them all.

Another Irwin "workhorse" was Kings Belle.

Blind Baggage, a Bradley bred horse, was smashed up in a Cincinnati wreck that killed Bayberry Candle and other great race horses. Irwin patched Blind Baggage up in a miraculous way, made a sleeper coup with him, then bred the horse to Kings Belle. The foal was named Baggage King. He used to accompany his mother to the post and wait there until she got through running a race, then accompany her back to the barn to get fed. And Kings Belle kept right on winning races.

Another consistent winner for old "CB" was Abadane. He had only two good legs, both rear ones. Today veterinarians wouldn't allow him to run as he always appeared lame going to the post. Abadane was foaled in France and received shrapnel wounds in both front legs when the Germans shelled the farm in World War I.

He carried the scars from babyhood. That didn't stop "CB" from running the horse. Abadane broke track records right and left. "CB" ran him a mile and a quarter and won. Two days later he entered him in a half mile sprint with 135 pounds on his back. He won that one too.

"CB" applied reversed English with Conquistador, a steed which could open up five lengths on any horse living but after a brief show of early foot always died on the vine. "CB" won a five furlongs race with him, then two days later, on a reckless dare, made him win at a mile and 70 yards. "CB" had a chunk on Conquistador that day at juicy odds. But he blew the wad back pronto on his Ironsides in a big Chicago stake.

De Paso, the rider, jumped off the horse's back at the start, too frightened to ride the rogue.

One of the Irwin stable's most dependable platers was Harry D. "CB" found this horse roaming the range on his Y6 ranch near Cheyenne, picked him out of the lot, broke the white nosed bushwacker to the saddle and brought him to the races, whereupon, the records show, all Harry D did was win 14 straight.

"CB" trained his horses for speed. He doted on fast breakers with an intense turn of early foot. His only riding instructions to his regular jockey, Pablo Martinez, were to come out of the gate kicking and scratching and cut to the rail.

"Never let a horse get inside of you," was CB's routine admonition. Martinez could make weight faster than any saddlesmith alive. He'd weigh in at 115 today and 95 tomorrow. "Pab" had few unbroken bones in his body when he retired from active racing with the reputation of being the best post boy in the business, but he wore like iron and still exercises horses.

Were "CB" alive today no racing secretary would have trouble filling a racing card with the Irwin horses on the ground. Old "CB" would enter them just "on suspicion."

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

BACCHUS *Annoys The Neighbors*

By Frances Spatz

The Charges Leveled Against the Town's Biggest Statue Would Make a Less Robust God Wish He Were Back on Olympus

BACCHUS, the gay young Roman god of wine and revelry, was patron of good fellowship, promoter of civilization and lover of peace.

In mythological times, when he came to town, everybody quit work and ran after him, dancing and singing and shouting with joy.

Nobody displayed any jubilance, however, when he arrived recently in sedate Arlington, Va., in the form of a 15-foot pink plaster statue, clutching a lion skin around his waist with one hand and dangling a bunch of grapes from the other.

A crowd of dumbfounded spectators blocked traffic as four workmen hoisted him out of a 10-ton truck with a crane and set him up on the front lawn of Miss Helen E. Carroll, a retired schoolteacher, who is now a student of the dance.

But the spectators didn't dance and they didn't sing. They just stood and stared, wide-eyed with wonder, or scowling with disapproval.

Finally, somebody spoke up and asked Miss Carroll why on earth she had set him up on her lawn.

Miss Carroll replied:

"I did it so he would add sophistication to Arlington County and at the same time be a lesson in art."

Whether or not he will ever accomplish that purpose, he certainly continued to draw a crowd. Day after day, more and more astonished people congregated in front of Miss Carroll's house.

The police were harassed from morning to night, untangling traffic snarls. To relieve congestion, "no parking" signs were put along the street.

Complaints were numerous.

Mothers said the statue frightened their children. They said it was a bad influence, too, because of the come-hither gleam on its face and the way it was clad.

Strangers driving down the street at night almost ran into the curb when the headlights of their cars first brought it into startling view. There were also reports of the peculiar effect it had on persons returning at night from boisterous parties.

Then one day, while Miss Carroll was away from home, somebody went to work on Bacchus with a hammer and a chisel.

His horns were broken, his mustache and beard scraped off, his thick lips cracked, and some of the pink paint peeled from his plaster chest.

When Miss Carroll returned and saw what happened she burst into tears and ran into the house.

As soon as she recovered her composure she came back out and delivered a lecture to the crowd on the right of privacy and the lack of tolerance in Arlington County.

Then she hired a mason to build a six-foot brick wall around her yard.

When the neighbors heard about that, one of them said the wall ought to be higher, since the statue is 15 feet tall.

Some of the neighbors question Miss Carroll's motive in erecting the bizarre statue.

"We think she did it for spite, not educational purposes," said one.

"It disfigures the neighborhood immensely and, in our minds, it is not a thing of beauty. It serves no useful purpose."

Children find it useful, however. It makes a fine target.

Miss Carroll bought the statue last summer from stonecutters in Washington, D. C. The price she paid has not been revealed, but it was reported that she paid $100 to have it hauled to her home.

Miss Carroll Drinks a Toast to Her Somewhat Battered Roman God of Wine and Revelry.

Some neighbors have looked up the legend of Bacchus in the encyclopedia and learned that the Bacchanalia, a wild and mystic festival honoring him, aroused so much opposition it was finally banned by the Roman Senate in 186 B.C.

As if to revive the ancient tradition of Bacchanalian revels, Miss Carroll has stuck little stone plaques of smiling girls on the adjacent trees.

She placed a statue of the Greek goddess of victory, Nike, in her living room where it can face Bacchus through the window.

On the porch a sprightly little dancing doll half emerges from a gin bottle, the label of which has not been removed.

Though her neighbors have been unable to interfere legally with the manner in which Miss Carroll decorates her lawn, they did take advantage of a zoning ordinance to hale her into court for bringing a family to live with her in her single family residence.

Fighting the case through the Virginia courts, Miss Carroll emerged victorious when the Virginia Supreme Court ruled that she is not "a family."

One of the characteristics of Bacchus, according to some accounts, was his eternal youthfulness.

Apparently Miss Carroll associates this trait of Bacchus with herself, for she says: "I shall never grow younger or older. I am ageless."

Her agility and litheness seem to bear this out.

She races up and down steps and around the house with the speed and lightsomeness of a schoolgirl. Although she is evidently middle-aged, her appearance is distinctly youthful.

Tossing her blond curls, she asserts: "Men never guess my age. Women, yes. But men, never."

The dance has not always been Miss Carroll's chief interest as she says it is now. At one time she taught seventh and eighth grades in Columbus, Ohio, public schools. Next she studied law. Then languages.

The current neighborhood warfare does not feaze her.

"I am at my best when fighting," she says.

"I love excitement. I love a good argument. My court fight cost me $1,400, but it was worth it."

Young at 90—

GERTRUDE

By Marie Hicks Davidson

HOW long can a woman retain her youthful vitality and her zest for living?

In seeking the answer to that question, I recently interviewed the famous novelist Gertrude Atherton, shortly before she celebrated her 90th birthday.

Received in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Muriel Atherton Russell, and her grandson, George Russell, in San Francisco, I found Mrs. Atherton industriously working on another novel her 51st.

Five years ago, when she was 85, she wrote her 50th novel, "The Horn of Life." Fifteen years ago, when she was 75, she wrote her autobiography, "Adventures of a Novelist,"* an amazingly detailed document of a life sufficiently exciting for three people.

On her 90th birthday the City of San Francisco paid tribute to her achievements by presenting to her a gold medal bearing an inscription commending her services to California literature.

As I looked upon her eager face and marveled at her firm, creamy skin, her ash-blonde hair, her bright, twinkling eyes and her keen, probing mind, I was reminded of Mary Ogden, the heroine of her famous "Black Oxen," written in 1923.

The fictitious Mary Ogden received a youth-restoring treatment employed by a renowned scientist and consequently was able to pass for a young woman when she was, by the calendar, 58.

Was Gertrude Atherton the heroine of her own novel? She herself had undergone the X-ray rejuvenation treatments devised by Dr. Steinach, Vienna biologist, the year before writing "Black Oxen."

WHAT was the secret of the Atherton perennial youth and the Atherton enlightened psychology? What springs sent forth her remarkable physical and mental vitality at the age of 90? Were those 25-year-old rejuvenation treatments still effective?

I resolved to know.

I had warned her on the phone, when requesting an interview, that I would be the prying type.

"I want to talk to you about your age," I said.

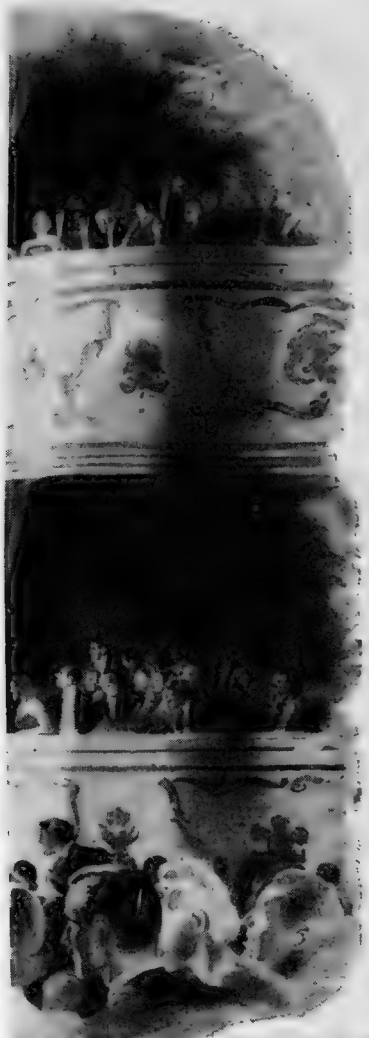
"Those," she had warned with the characteristic Atherton chuckle, "are fightin' words!"

But she had let me come and over cocktails I

*Published by Liveright Publishing Corporation.

For Five Years Gertrude Atherton Had the Vision of a Beautiful Woman Looking at a Theatre Audience Through Her Opera Glasses. It Seemed to Be an Insoluble Story Idea, but the Solution Answered Her Personal Problem, Too.

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.



ATHERTON'S SURPRISING STORY

The Remarkable Author of 51 Books Says Rejuvenation Has Helped Her Fight Off Time With Astonishing Zest

lous figure, but it refused to unroll. For five years she stayed planted in that theatre, her back to the curtain, surveying the house, and I couldn't get her out. I could have written some kind of a story, 'making up as I went along,' but what is a novel without a theme? And theme I had none.

"Now, in a flash, I knew I had found me."

Mrs. Atherton immediately made an appointment with Dr. Benjamin.

"He was much interested in my embryonic novel and unfolded the mysteries of Steinachism. Then when I told him of my period of mental sterility, which had lasted for over a year, and of my dissatisfaction with the preceding books, he asked me why I did not consider taking the Steinach treatment. I was always ready for anything new, and made up my mind then and there.

"He pronounced all my organs in perfect condition and informed me that I had the arteries of 16. What, then, was the matter? Possibly my pituitary and thyroid glands were depleted, and there should be a fresh release of hormones into the blood stream.

"I took the course of treatments, beginning a day or two later. It consisted of X-ray stimulation in a laboratory, where he met me three times a week—a painless and rather boring process. I think there were eight treatments in all.

"FOR a month my brain was torpid. I slept 16 hours out of the 24. I saw no one, for I was too stupid to sustain a conversation, and could barely read a mystery story. When capable of thought I wondered if I were ruined for life. But when Dr. Benjamin laughed at me I ceased to worry. It was far too much effort.

"And then, one day—it was about a week after the finish of the treatments—I had the abrupt sensation of a black cloud lifting from my brain, hovering for a moment, rolling away. Torpor vanished. My brain seemed sparkling with light. I was standing in the middle of the room when this miracle happened and I almost flung myself at my desk. I wrote steadily for four hours; marched that woman triumphantly out of the theatre with a complete knowledge of who she was, what had happened to her, what was going to happen to her; and the hero came to life in the first paragraph.

"It all gushed out like a geyser that had been 'capped' down in the cellars of my mind, battling for release. That geyser never paused in its outpourings until the book was finished, five months later."

Thus was born "Black Oxen" and the "new" Gertrude Atherton.

I looked at this woman who had been an intimate of the great and near-great of two generations. There was a faint, rosy glow in her smooth cheeks and an alert tilt to her head.

"DO YOU believe it possible to keep the human mechanism young and active to an indefinite age?" I asked.

"'Indefinite' is an elastic word," she countered. "But I hold that the body and mind may be kept fit much longer with the treatments than without. I hold that I am living proof, Exhibit A, if you will, of my theories. I have stamina and the will to work at my profession—writing.

for the most part, unfinished. At 17 she was sent to live with relatives in Lexington, Ky., but when her stepfather died she returned to San Francisco.

There she met George Atherton, scion of a prominent California family, who was vigorously courting her widowed mother at the time. One look at Gertrude and George forgot about the mother entirely. He proposed so often, writes Mrs. Atherton, that she finally gave in and eloped with him, not without some misgivings over the tragic effect her act would have upon her mother.

She moved in with the Atherton family, half Spanish, on their spacious estate. A son, George, was born, and a few years later a daughter, Muriel. George died at the age of six.

THEN her husband, en route to Chile, died on shipboard and his body, "embalmed in a barrel of rum," was returned home. Gertrude was not yet 30 at the time, and, eager for freedom and happiness, found it difficult to weep too much.

Widowed, she was not the one to lead a life of mournful inactivity. She wrote and wrote, having some luck and some disappointments. It was a day of fierce individuality, among critics as well as authors, and when the critics tore Gertrude's early efforts to pieces she was all the more determined to become a successful author.

She traveled to New York, to Europe, back to California, time and again, and wherever she went she associated with the great literary lights of the day—Sir James Barrie, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Ambrose Bierce, Hilaire Belloc, Irvin S. Cobb, George Moore, Richard Harding Davis.

An incident she relates about the great Ambrose Bierce, cynic par excellence, typifies the cruel literary practice of the day—and Gertrude's indomitable courage in the face of criticism.

SHE had accepted an invitation of Bierce to visit him in a small California hamlet where he was attempting to recover from asthma. Hoping for some word of encouragement from the exalted master, Gertrude found that he took extraordinary delight in ripping her books to pieces. She countered in kind, informing him his short stories would never have anything but a limited appeal.

They wrangled throughout the afternoon, and when it came time for Gertrude to leave she relented and told him he was truly a great writer. Waiting for her train, they walked in the shadows between the station and a pigsty. Bierce suddenly grabbed her and sought to kiss her. She could not resist this wonderful chance for complete revenge. She threw back her head, laughed and told him:

"The great Bierce! Master of style! The god on Olympus at whose feet pilgrims come to worship—trying to kiss a woman by a pigsty!"

He departed in a towering rage.

BY DINT of an uncompromising will and a fearlessly original style she gradually found her own niche and was acknowledged the leading feminine novelist of her time.

It seems odd to be speaking of Gertrude Atherton's "time." The present, today, with its multiple passing problems, always has been and always will be her "time." She dislikes "going back." Reminiscences are less to her liking than looking into the future "as far as human eye can see."

immediately plunged into my subject.

"Would you like to live all over again? Would you again take the rejuvenation treatments?"

"The answer is yes to both questions. I firmly believe in the artificial rejuvenation theories I wrote about in 'Black Oxen.' I told about those theories in my autobiography in 1932."

In her autobiography Mrs. Atherton had written on her 65th year:

"I idled for a month or two, wondering where on earth that novel was lurking and if my mind had really gone sterile. I had been satisfied with nothing I had written since 'Perch of the Devil.' I was in perfect health now, but my mental dynamo refused to tune up."

HER autobiography goes on to relate how one morning she read in the newspaper of an interview with Dr. Harry Benjamin, former associate of the famed Steinach, in which he stated that women all over Europe were going to the Steinach clinic for treatments "that might restore their exhausted energies."

"Five years before," she wrote, "I had been lying awake one night when a sudden vivid picture rose in my mind. It was in a theatre on the opening night of a new play. At the fall of the first curtain a woman, very beautiful, very unusual in appearance, rose, turned her back to the stage, lifted her opera glasses and surveyed the house.

"Of course there was an immediate buzz in the audience. Who was this woman? That she was a woman of the best society no one could doubt. She was certainly a Somebody. But who?

"Well, who was she? I didn't know. There was a story behind that graceful arresting myster-

"I am buoyant with ideas, enjoy life with remarkable zest. I have no cut-and-dried regimen, no diet or routine. I hope I am temperate in all things. I exercise by walking and I read insatiably. I love life, enjoy friendships—some old, some new.

"I have seen much, experienced much, absorbed much. I think the gods have been kind to me. But, on the other hand, I have worked consistently toward the one objective I set myself when I was a young woman."

MRS. ATHERTON was born Gertrude Horn in San Francisco in 1857 in reasonably comfortable circumstances.

As a child she was sent to live on her grandfather's ranch near San Francisco. She describes this period of her life frankly:

"I was the angel child in appearance, with golden curls and eyes of seraphic blue, but I must have been a little fiend. It had amused my father to stand me on the table when he was giving a dinner party and encourage me to kick the plates into the laps of the guests."

By her own admission, she became a willful, egocentric "problem" child whom no boarding school would keep and no nurse remain with long. After the death of her father, Gertrude's mother remarried and the child developed an intense dislike for her new father.

The writing bug hit her when she was 14 and she launched into several stories, leaving them,

I have seen her at dinners of San Francisco's Poets, Editors and Novelists, of which she is president, holding men enthralled with her sparkling wit and comeliness.

For evening she usually wears black satin or white. A cloud of tulle floats about her shoulders, which show alabaster above the low decolletage. After dinner when coffee is served in the Bohemian Club's famous red room, she seats herself in a corner and presently half a dozen young men are at her side, hanging on her words.

It is then that one realizes what tremendous vitality she possesses. She talks brilliantly and fast, yet is not tiresomely loquacious, nor opinionated.

I saw her the other day at a cocktail party for a Russian prince.

She was smart as Fifth Avenue itself in a cape ensemble of dull blue trimmed with gray Persian lamb. She looked a woman of 50.

SHE reads current books and is encouraging to young writers. Often she asks a budding author to call and have tea or cocktails with her. She is too wise to offer advice or suggestions, but adroitly lets the novice know that she is aware of his ambitions and hopes.

She wants nothing more than to go on and on, defying time, drinking in the wonder of the world surrounding her.

Can a woman still be young at 90?

Ask Gertrude Atherton!

By Ray Richards and Booton Herndon

FALL OF THE OPIUM QUEEN

La Nacha Sold Tortillas—and Morphine —for Morale.

TO THE citizens of Guadalajara, the Senora is the maker of the best tortillas in the entire Mexican state of Jalisco.

They know that, as they munch her delicious Mexican pancakes during the evening promenade, and that is all they care to know.

The agents of two countries, however, who keep a wary eye, day and night, on this Mexican woman who busies herself quietly in her little kitchen, know much more.

Both the United States Narcotic Service and the Mexican Government are interested in much more than tortillas when it comes to the Senora.

They remember when, not so long ago, she was the leader of one of the biggest dope rings ever to operate in North America.

The people of Guadalajara know her as Senora Ignacia Jasso de Gonzales. Government agents know her as "La Nacha," once the sole owner of the only plantation planted exclusively to opium-bearing poppies in Mexico.

It took agents of both countries a long time to catch her, because no one dreamed that poppies could be grown to such an extent in Mexico.

No one ever dreamed that this woman, widow of a small-time bandit, could be the leader of an organization which turned out, and distributed, a remarkably pure grade of morphine.

La Nacha, which means "pug-nose," surrounded herself with experts. There was the man known as The Chemist, who extracted the finest morphine from inferior opium.

Among others in the band were The Lawyer, The Merchant, and The Old Woman.

This well-organized group was responsible for the flood of morphine which came across the border to satisfy the cravings of drug addicts in America, and to start innocents on the road to ruin.

As far away as Seattle and New York her morphine appeared. The chemists identified the small amounts captured occasionally as being made in the same laboratory from the same opium.

Occasionally runners were caught crossing the border, but the big shipments and the big operators always escaped.

The war came along, and La Nacha set herself up as a patriotic figure in the Calle Diablo—Street of the Devil—in Juarez, across the border from El Paso, Texas.

She fed the soldiers, both Mexican and American, her finest tortillas, because, she said, she had devoted her life to raising their morale.

Yet too many soldiers were found, stupefied with morphine, in the back streets of Juarez.

The dope habit was rising abnormally throughout the United States, too. Desperate measures had to be taken. Harold B. Westover and W. H. Crook, agents of the Narcotic Service, were chosen from volunteers to go to that rumored plantation far to the south, track down the gang.

Westover, posing as a big-time operator, finally met The Merchant, La Nacha's chief of sales. In time he found himself in the rooms of La Nacha herself. She told him he could have morphine in any quantity he desired.

He offered to buy $50,000 worth, but specified that she take it over the border herself. At first she refused, but then suddenly agreed.

Then she played right into his hands by asking him to bring the morphine himself from the plantation to Juarez. Westover brought in Crook, and La Nacha assigned two thugs to escort them to Jalisco, 800 miles south.

The trip was worth it, though, when they looked over the hidden fields of poppies, and met The Chemist and The Lawyer. They got the morphine and proceeded back to Juarez.

Then La Nacha's lieutenants proposed a double cross. Skip La Nacha, they said, and the buyers would save $2,000. Westover and Crook, realizing that they still had no concrete evidence against the woman herself, but had her two most important members in their hands, agreed.

The morphine was transferred in El Paso, and the two Mexicans, Luis Manuel Vasquez and Alberto Torres Ybarra, were sent up for five years in an American penitentiary.

By 1943 La Nacha was fabulously wealthy. Her tortilla parties became more boisterous, and then a Mexican soldier was found dead in the bar under her rooms, a victim of an overdose of morphine. By then, too, the Mexican Congress had enacted a law under which anyone even suspected of impeding the war effort could be imprisoned.

That's the way they got La Nacha. Her property was confiscated and she was sent to Mexico's penal island, Tres Marias. There she had four years to reflect bitterly on her past.

In March, 1947, La Nacha was released. As a girl she had made tortillas in a stall near the Teatro Degollado in the town of Guadalajara, and to this life she returned—with a police escort.

Illustrated by RICO TOMASO

MR. JOHNSON and the GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Symbolic photograph posed especially for The American Weekly by professional models

IF HER husband's allegations are accurate, Mrs. Esther Johnson of Chicago comes pretty close to establishing a new high in jealousy—a trait which one writer contends has no place in civilized society and which a famous French psychiatrist believes is an hereditary disease, curable like any other human ailment.

Esther's particular form of this "disease," her husband, Gilbert Johnson, said recently in a divorce complaint, stemmed from "inferiority in attractiveness and charm as compared to other members of the female sex." As a result, he complained, she

Forbade him to listen to any radio program except classical or dance music, and then only if no feminine voices could be heard.

Permitted him to read only those newspapers from which she had cut all articles pertaining to women, movie stars "or moral or social questions because of their real or supposed association with the female sex."

Allowed him to read no magazines, because women usually played such an important role in fact or fiction.

"Made disparaging and derogatory remarks concerning the appearance, dress and general attractiveness of women whom she might pass on the street while she was in his company."

Objected violently to any attention he exhibited to children. (They had none.)

Refused to let him have any friends, men or women, unless "he resorted to the devious and embarrassing obliquity of pretending to remain aloof and of making insulting and disparaging remarks of and concerning such people."

Got the idea that every man she met was trying to flirt with her, and became so obsessed with the notion that she:

Refused to let her husband hang his clothes in the same closet with hers.

All of which, Johnson said, made his home life something less than tranquil, but even his business, which was selling motorcycles, suffered. He said he was afraid to have women customers visit his shop, because his wife had, on several occasions, found one there and forcibly ejected her.

Even male motorcyclists were not spared, he related, because Esther repeatedly barged into the shop and "conducted herself in so loud, violent, profane and obstreperous a manner as to cause members of the public who were upon said premises for the purpose of transacting business to leave."

In spite of the fact that he had always treated her "as a good, true, loving, kind, affectionate and dutiful husband," he said he was in fear of his life, which she had frequently threatened to terminate abruptly.

That worry probably didn't bother him any more after he won an uncontested divorce, but other spouses haven't been so fortunate. Dr. Paul Faret, the French psychiatrist, cites the case of Pierre Mauduit as a typical illustration of his premise that jealousy is hereditary and often lethal.

Mauduit, a provincial lawyer, realized that he was jealous by nature and recalled that his father had tormented his mother by fits of frantic jealousy.

He was determined to avoid any such possibility, so he married a devoutly pious girl who had been reared in a convent. She went nowhere without her husband, except to church, but Mauduit soon discovered that every time she left for Mass he suspected her of deceit.

He hired detectives to follow her to and from church. They reported that she never deviated from her course. He made her swear her innocence before the altar, but even that didn't convince him. Finally, in a jealous frenzy, he strangled her to death.

In her will, the wife offered a substantial sum of money to anyone who could prove she had been unfaithful to her husband. The executors gave wide publicity to the curious legacy, but no one made a claim. Sentenced to death, Mauduit finally became convinced of his wife's innocence, but it was too late.

Dr. Faret declares that any spouse afflicted by the "jealousy disease" will become insanely suspicious whether there is reason or not, and that most of those who are immune to the germ will be the last to learn of a husband or wife's infidelity.

Jealousy, he insists, is a matter of glands and hormones, and between 90 and 100 per cent of the ultra-jealous type are subject to gall trouble. Skinny and "liverish" men, he contends, tend toward a jealous nature, while those who incline toward obesity hardly ever doubt their wives. It is almost exactly the opposite, he says, with women. The roly-polies are the ones to look out for.

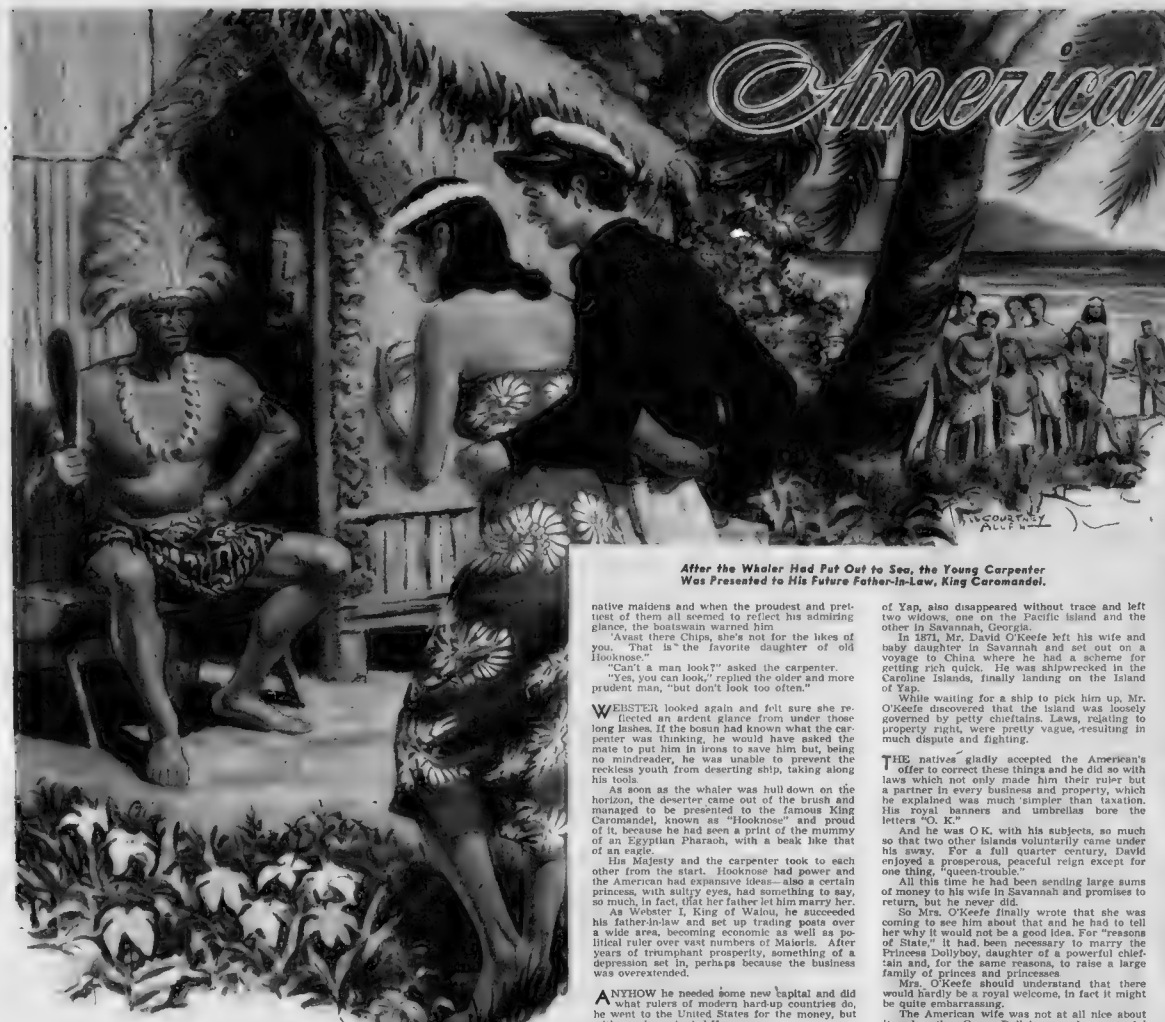
Although he claims that a tendency toward jealousy is hereditary, just as in the case of heart trouble or baldness, Dr. Faret maintains that nerve-soothing treatment, a diet based mainly on vegetables and rich vitamins, exercise, regular hours and the avoidance of stimulants (caffein, alcohol and nicotine) can do much to keep the green-eyed monster in check.

On the other hand, Dr. Boris Sokoloff in a recent book, "Jealousy," (Howell, Soskin, New York, publishers) claims that violence resulting from jealous complexes is "incited by atavistic impulses"—hereditary throwbacks to caveman behavior or even to primitive animal instinct.

Every child is born with this jealous reflex, he says, but normally the reaction flares up suddenly and subsides without harm. However, when a youngster feels neglected or left out, the little seed of jealousy grows into a real emotion which, if not corrected, may become a complex or obsession in later years.

Mr. Johnson of Chicago didn't know whether his wife's outlook on life was infectious, atavistic, hereditary or the result of eating smorgasbord, but he did know it was mighty uncomfortable to live with. When he made up his mind to do something about it, he decided the man to see was a lawyer. Apparently the judge agreed with him.

American KINGS



After the Whaler Had Put Out to Sea, the Young Carpenter Was Presented to His Future Father-In-Law, King Caromandel.

By Charles Goddard

IT IS said that every American mother wonders if her baby boy will become president but wouldn't she be surprised to know that he may grow up to be a king, sit on a throne, wear a solid gold hat and be called, "Your Majesty"? It could be. Quite a few common Americans have done it.

Some have won kingdoms by fighting, others by romance, by shipwreck, by their wits but not many liked the royal job. Pay, hours and working conditions are all right but it seems that there is so little privacy and so much "queen-trouble."

One American had the Kingdom of Samoa handed to him on a silver platter, not only by the Samoans but guaranteed by the United States, England and Germany, only to resign by return mail. A Colorado girl had vetoed the idea. She did not choose to be a queen.

A four-million dollar legal headache, that has been carried on by his heirs, is all that remains of the Royal Domain of King William Webster The First (and Last) of the Maloris.

IN 1825, this young American was carpenter on a whaling ship, with no title but the conventional "Chips," when the whaler put into a port in the Auckland province of New Zealand for water and fresh fruits to keep away scurvy.

Like most sailors he had an appraising eye for native maidens and when the proudest and prettiest of them all seemed to reflect his admiring glance, the boatswain warned him:

"Avast there Chips, she's not for the likes of you. That is the favorite daughter of old Hooknose."

"Can't a man look?" asked the carpenter.

"Yes, you can look," replied the older and more prudent man, "but don't look too often."

WEBSTER looked again and felt sure she reflected an ardent glance from under those long lashes. If the bosun had known what the carpenter was thinking, he would have asked the mate to put him in irons to save him but, being no mindreader, he was unable to prevent the reckless youth from deserting ship, taking along his tools.

As soon as the whaler was hull down on the horizon, the deserter came out of the brush and managed to be presented to the famous King Caromandel, known as "Hooknose" and proud of it, because he had seen a print of the mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh, with a beak like that of an eagle.

His Majesty and the carpenter took to each other from the start. Hooknose had power and the American had expansive ideas—also a certain princess, with sultry eyes, had something to say, so much, in fact, that her father let him marry her.

As Webster I, King of Waiou, he succeeded his father-in-law and set up trading posts over a wide area, becoming economic as well as political ruler over vast numbers of Maloris. After years of triumphant prosperity, something of a depression set in, perhaps because the business was overextended.

ANYHOW he needed some new capital and did what rulers of modern hard-up countries do, he went to the United States for the money, but with one important difference.

Instead of asking for a loan at nominal interest and payable in the very remote future, he decided to find the gold with his own hands; for he had heard of the fabulous California gold strikes.

His subjects granted him a sabbatical year off, from the job, with pay, and a prospector he became, only to vanish without trace in the California mountains.

Many other prospectors had voiced resentment at Webster's "royal ways," some had threatened to kill him and there seems little doubt that one of them actually did it.

Dowager Queen Sultry-eyes wept and for nearly a century, his American heirs have impoverished themselves trying to collect their $4,000,000 claim.

An Irish-American monarch, David O'Keefe, who reigned as "King David O.K." of the Island of Yap, also disappeared without trace and left two widows, one on the Pacific island and the other in Savannah, Georgia.

In 1871, Mr. David O'Keefe left his wife and baby daughter in Savannah and set out on a voyage to China where he had a scheme for getting rich quick. He was shipwrecked in the Caroline Islands, finally landing on the Island of Yap.

While waiting for a ship to pick him up, Mr. O'Keefe discovered that the island was loosely governed by petty chieftains. Laws, relating to property right, were pretty vague, resulting in much dispute and fighting.

THE natives gladly accepted the American's offer to correct these things and he did so with laws which not only made him their ruler but a partner in every business and property, which he explained was much simpler than taxation. His royal banners and umbrellas bore the letters "O. K."

And he was O.K. with his subjects, so much so that two other Islands voluntarily came under his sway. For a full quarter century, David enjoyed a prosperous, peaceful reign except for one thing, "queen-trouble."

All this time he had been sending large sums of money to his wife in Savannah and promises to return, but he never did.

So Mrs. O'Keefe finally wrote that she was coming to see him about that and he had to tell her why it would not be a good idea. For "reasons of State," it had been necessary to marry the Princess Dollyboy, daughter of a powerful chieftain and, for the same reasons, to raise a large family of princes and princesses.

Mrs. O'Keefe should understand that there would hardly be a royal welcome, in fact it might be quite embarrassing.

The American wife was not at all nice about it and neither Queen Dollyboy nor her powerful father could see why King David didn't get rid of his plebeian spouse by royal edict.

THERE was so much unpleasant conversation and correspondence that, at last, His Majesty set forth for the United States to explain to his American wife just how the native princess had jumped her claim to matrimonial rights. Accompanied by his two oldest sons, he sailed in a schooner belonging to the royal navy, and flying the proud O. K. pennant.

The schooner was lost at sea, with all on board. The heir apparent and the second son, having drowned with their father, a third son ascended the throne of Yap.

Mrs. O'Keefe sent a lawyer all the way to Yap to find out where she stood. He returned with the bad news that her husband's million-dollar estate had virtually all been willed to Dollyboy and her children.

But what burned up the Widow O'Keefe was the Widow Dollyboy's serene assertion that the other was merely a morganatic widow.

The 19th century was a busy one for Americans who entered the royal profession. It was the proper thing when Lieutenant Charles S. Ripley of the United States Navy arrived in the waters of Samoa, to pay his respects to King Malietoa.

THE king received him cordially and then, after sizing up his caller, suddenly stepped down from his throne, embraced the American and announced his intention of adopting him as a son. His Majesty liked Ripley but there was also an historical reason.

The young officer's great-grandfather had also been a sailor and had been shipwrecked on the Samoan coast where he improved the occasion by marrying a Samoan princess. This made the castaway an ancestor of the king and Ripley a sort of bar-sinister cousin.

The startled lieutenant did not care for the honor but could see no method of escape without hurting the royal feelings.

There were international complications in the Pacific, at the moment, which might make it a serious matter, diplomatically to lose Samoa's good will.

So Ripley went through the feasting, dancing and other ceremonies of adoption, sailed away and forgot about it, except as a curious incident.

A few years later the king died, as did his successor, leaving several contestants for the throne, all with dubious claims, a situation which threatened trouble. It happened that the three military powers most interested, the United States, Britain and Germany, were in a cooperative frame of mind and sent a commission to determine which of the candidates had the most valid right.

The decision was that none had much standing but the true and rightful heir was King Malietoa's adopted son and the public agreed.

Thus it came to pass that Ripley, by that time retired from the navy and living in Colorado, received a formal notification, covered with seals and red tape, informing him that he was the duly appointed King of Samoa and please to take over the duties at his earliest convenience.

The royal American thought it would be a lot of fun as well as profit and yet, a few hours later, his resignation was in the mail.

IN wooing a Colorado girl whom he was to marry in a few weeks, he had entertained her with stories of the quaint customs of Samoa, including royal prerogatives of kings as to Samoan beauties. Though the invitation specified that he could pick his own queen, even an imported one, the American girl declined the honor. Of all American royalty, the Ripley reign was the shortest.

Edward Thompson of Albion, Illinois, decided to get away from it all, especially from a lady who had just given him the wrong answer—so he fled to the Fiji Islands in the South Seas, not to be a king, merely a hermit.

Princess Lakanita, half native, half Spanish, fell in love with the sad-eyed refugee and would not let him alone. To get away from her, Thompson moved to a distant island, promising to return if she ever needed him.

Within a few months came a messenger with word that revolutionaries were preparing to attack the palace. Collecting an army of water-front thugs and beachcombers, the hermit sailed to the rescue, arriving in the nick of time.

He raised the siege but in the battle, the king and the chief revolutionary were killed and he himself badly wounded. Lovely Lakanita nursed him back to health, at the same time curing him of the hermit idea. He married her and lived happily ever after as King Edward I, or at least for 24 years, until his death.

If you want to be a king, it seems you should join the navy, as did Carl Haffke, messenger boy in Omaha, who served on Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay.

AFTER the war he became a court stenographer in the Philippines where he was able to save a prominent member of the Ilocano tribe from being tricked in a law suit.

When cholera wiped out the entire Ilocano royal family the chieftains begged Haffke to become their king. He accepted on a strictly business basis, that a dollar head-tax be collected from the 100,000 members to be invested in farm machinery.

He, King Carlos I., was to receive 5 per cent of all exports as his regal emolument.

Within a year everything was going fine, except that His Majesty did not look as happy as a successful young monarch should.

When he told his councilors that he must make a trip back to Nebraska on a personal matter, they respectfully suggested that he bring back an American queen.

With a royal smile, King Carlos promised to do just that. Alas, the girl he left behind him refused to follow the sequence, so he threw away his crown and became plain Mr. Haffke again.

Faustin E. Wirkus, known as the "square-faced marine," was administrator of the voodoo-infested island of Gonave, north of Port au Prince, Haiti, in 1921. He governed so honestly that Queen Ti Memenne commented on it to a visiting diplomat who told her, "yes, he's the squarest man you ever saw."

Just for that Ti had to see him and noting the shape of his countenance decided that he should be king of Gonave. Wirkus had not studied to be a king but a marine is expected to tackle anything.

HE did so well that Haitian officials became jealous, making it advisable diplomatically for King Faustin to abdicate. He was delighted to get "an honorable discharge from kinging it."

Another Yankee potentate was John D. Murray, graduate of Purdue University, who represented a British phosphate syndicate which controlled the Christmas Islands, off the Coast of Java.

First thing he knew, the natives insisted that he be their king. Murray accepted, mostly because it would save a lot of time, since kings, without a constitution, do not have to explain.

As King John he dictated laws, held court and issued royal proclamations.

All went well until he visited England to report to his plebeian superiors and fell in love with an English girl who handed up the decision that he must choose between her and a sceptre.

Once more, an American jumped from a throne into the arms of a sweetheart.

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

WHO WERE THE WISE MEN?

There May Have Been Three, or as Many as 12, but Nobody Knows Where They Came From

By Francis P. Le Buffe, S. J.

Moderator, New York Catholic Evidence Guild

ON JANUARY 6th the Feast of the Magi will be celebrated in many of the Christian churches. This feast is called "Epiphany," a word which comes from the Greek and which means "manifestation" or "making known."

According to the Gospel narrative, the Christ Child was first made known to the shepherds by angels singing in the skies. And then, to show that God wanted all men to be saved, He was "manifested"—made known—to the Gentiles by a star which led them to Bethlehem.

Who were the Wise Men? The only facts that the Gospel offers as clues are that they were "Magi" and came "from the East."

Now the "Magi" were originally the priestly caste of the Medes and were the dominant religious force for many centuries in Persia (now Iran).

Even in the time of Christ, they were powerful enough, according to the Greek geographer Strabo, to constitute one of the two supreme councils of the Parthian Empire.

By the ancients the Magi were considered learned men of upright, moral lives. The Jewish philosopher Philo describes them as "searching the secrets of Nature to gain knowledge of the truth."

They scanned the skies as well as the earth, and it was thus they noted the star that appeared at the birth of the Christ Child. As Faber puts it, "their science was their theology."

Herodotus, the Greek historian, speaks of the Magi, and the prophet Jeremiah mentions Nergal Sharezar as the Bab-Mag or Chief of the Magi.

That the Wise Men were Persian priests is the constant tradition in the early church. In all the paintings which have survived from the first five centuries they are always represented wearing the distinctive headgear of the Persian priesthood.

However, some outstanding modern scholars are inclined to depart from this older view and hold that the Wise Men were from Arabia, the territory east of the Dead Sea which, though a Nabatean country, had a sizable Jewish population.

Some weight is added to this more modern opinion by the type of gifts offered to the Christ Child by the Wise Men—gold, frankincense and myrrh, for in these Arabia abounded.

Moreover it was quite common for Palestinian Jews to refer to Arabia as "the East" in much the same way as Californians speak of the Atlantic Coast.

How many Wise Men came to Bethlehem? Of that the Gospel story tells us nothing and from earliest times there has been no agreement in the number assigned.

In the Eastern churches 12 has been the customary figure. In paintings preserved in Rome great diversity appears: a painting in the cemetery of Saints Peter and Marcellinus shows two; one in the Lateran Museum, three; another in the cemetery of Domitilla, four; another painting, eight.

The number three seems quite evidently to have no other foundation than the fact that only three gifts are mentioned by St. Matthew, thus attributing a gift to each of the Wise Men.

And what were their names? The answer to that question is the most difficult of all and the best answer is, we do not know. In the Eastern churches a variety of names is given most of them quite unpronounceable by us Westerners.

In the Western Church Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar have come to be the accepted names, though we can trace these back no farther than Agnellus of Ravenna, an historian of the ninth century.

Of course, the uncertainty as to the specific number three makes completely uncertain the rather common depicting of Melchior as a Semitic; Gaspar as an Aryan and Balthasar as a Negro.

This colorful variation is evidently due to a pious endeavor to show that all mankind paid homage to the Christ Child, for the formerly accepted threefold pigmentation of the human race was thought to be due to the threefold descent of all men from Noah's sons—Shem, Ham and Japeth.

Were the Wise Men kings? It would seem not. The first time they are called "kings" is by Caesar of Arles, a sixth century writer.

They are not called kings in the Gospel though this fact would have enhanced their act of adoration in the eyes of Gospel-readers.

A kingly position was given them, quite certainly because of a misinterpretation, misapplication, of Psalm 71 (Hebrews 72) 10: "Kings of Tharsis and of the Isles will bring their gifts; kings of Sheba and of Saba shall offer presents."

If we want certainty, it is best to keep close to the plain and simple text of the Gospel: "There came Magi from the East."

Whether they were three, or 12; from Arabia or from Persia, they were, according to the Gospel, the first Gentiles to worship the Christ Child.

FROM PAINTING BY HOFMANN.

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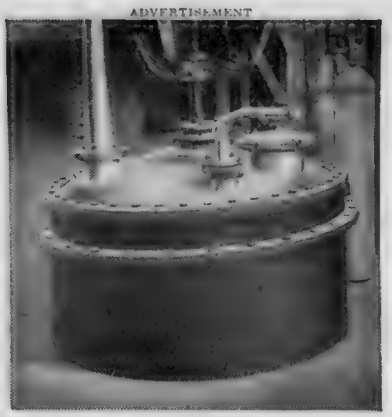

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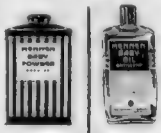

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Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW

Teeners Can't Seem to Agree on the Courses They Have to Study in School

FRANCES CAMPIONE, the music student who recently complained about having to take geometry, a subject she feels she'll never have any use for, has sympathizers in **Julia Andino** of Philadelphia and **Betty J. Rowe** of Reading, Pa. They also see no reason for taking subjects that seem to have no bearing on a student's future.

Phyllis Carroll, 15, of Walloon Lake, Mich., who plans to make a career of roller skating, can't understand why she must take "required" subjects in order to graduate from high school. She objects to American History and Government because, says she, she had enough of that in grade school.

Olive Allen of Dover, Del., writes that she is planning to do secretarial work, yet has only one period of shorthand a day. "However," she says, "I am required to take biology—and I dislike cutting up grasshoppers and frogs. How is that going to make me better at typing and shorthand?"

Peggy Wright of Annapolis, Md., is also complaining about having to take senior science when she could be practicing typing.

Annabelle Kish, 15, of Buffalo, N. Y., and **Bernadette Bognar** of Parma, Ohio, do not agree with Frances' objection to geometry. In their opinion, geometry develops the mind and encourages concentration.

William G. Smith of Miami, Fla., wonders if Frances' dislike of geometry is not due to ignorance of the science of reasoning, in which case, he would say, she needs more geometry, not less.

Mary Lane of Porterdale, Ga., saw no relation between the math she had to take and the journalism she intended to make her career. "But," she writes, "I had to quit college after two years and take a job as a bookkeeper. Was I glad I'd had the math!"

Elaine Doyle, 18, of Wal-

One Girl Who Hates Biology Objects to "Waste Time" Studying Frogs When She Wants to Be a Secretary.

tham, Mass., says: "All school subjects are part of the foundation for a basic education and cultural background. You need personality and intelligence to get ahead in music. A limited scope will hinder you. . . ."

Several teen-agers feel that the greater variety of subjects taught in school, the better, since one never knows what knowledge might come in handy in later years.

Many college students urged high school pupils to get all the English and mathematics they can.

Sylvia Nadal, 17, of Detroit, and **Gilbert Cudahy** of Rock Island, Ill., think that one solution is to give aptitude tests to see what courses students are qualified for and interested in.

Many educators and parents don't agree with the theory of specialization in high school or even in college. They feel that every responsible citizen must be equipped with more than the technical knowledge he requires to earn a living.

And what about girls—who eventually will become wives and mothers? Don't they need a broader education than that afforded by a concentration on secretarial studies, music, or some other special subject?

Many a grownup who once felt that he had to study "useless" subjects when he went to school eventually recognized the value of a good general education and wished he had done less specializing as a teen-ager.

Do you think a school is old-fashioned because it won't let budding musicians and secretaries skip mathematics and history? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Puzzling Problem

JAMES HAMILTON, a 19-year-old student at the University of Pittsburgh, points out that the more education a fellow wants, the longer he has to wait to get married. Instead of getting married at 20 or 22, as so many of our ancestors did, most professional men nowadays must wait until they're 30 or over to start their families.

James feels that young men and women should be able to get their education and marry too. War veterans are doing it, so why can't other people in their early 20s do the same?

But education is expensive. So are housing and food and clothing.

Do you think students who want to marry in their 20s should do so? Should they borrow the money? Or wait until they're out of school?

Send your ideas to the Teen-Age Editor.

Boy Meets Crocodile

MOST teen-agers—in common with their elders—are adventurers only in their imaginations. But William McNab, a 14-year-old Australian boy, recently emerged from a real-life adventure as thrilling and frightening as any his youthful mind could dream up.

Young McNab, who lives near the city of Darwin on Australia's northern coast, was sailing his dingey in Fanny Bay when the wind died down and left his small craft becalmed.

While the unsuspecting teen-ager struggled to trim sail, his small craft suddenly began to lurch and rock violently. Glancing down, McNab was just in time to see the knobby snout of a crocodile flash under water. He smacked at it with an oar, but was too late.

A moment later, the long, ugly head surfaced with a splash and headed for McNab's helpless craft. Its speeding body threatened to strike and upset the dingey—or even climb aboard over the low-lying gunwale.

But William grasped the danger instantly, and as the big crocodile's jaws opened, he slashed at the gaping mouth with his oar. The enraged reptile retreated with snapping jaws, only to return with repeated attacks, each more vicious than the last. Again and again, McNab beat him off with the oar.

The beast was still thrashing angrily alongside the dingey when Nature intervened. A strong puff of wind struck the courageous teen-ager's sail, and bore the little boat out of danger.

McNab's close call recalls another story of boy vs. crocodile with a less happy ending which occurred in Trinidad some years ago.

Ramon Elroy, 15, was canoeing on a river when a crocodile seized a near-by swimmer. Ramon beat off the monster with his paddle, and drew the injured swimmer to shore. Just then the audacious crocodile raced in and seized another youngster who was helping Ramon land the first victim.

Bravely, Ramon paddled once more to the attack. He freed the second victim and got him ashore. But within a few minutes, both of the boys he had rescued so courageously died of their injuries.

PAMPERED PETS

Two Irish Setters Lived in Luxury Before They Lost the Master Who Willed Them $30,000

PETS with property are nothing new in this animal-loving world. Almost any day you can read the scraps-to-riches story of some fortunate feline that has been left a trust fund to provide catnip, bowls of milk and loving care through its old age. Or of other legacies from fond owners to dogs, parrots, monkeys or goldfish.

Just now, the rise and fall of two Irish canines — a couple of red-coated setters named Pat and Gunner — tops all other yarns about pets with pelf.

Pat and Gunner leaped to the top of pooch plutocracy in Los Angeles recently when their master, the late Carleton Bainbridge, left them his $30,000 estate. Bainbridge regarded them as super-editions of man's best friend and claimed they had so much intelligence that they held long talks with him in English.

He often took them to the movies, especially when their favorite star, Mickey Mouse, was playing. His doggy pals not only enjoyed discussing the films, he said, but they liked bedtime stories and shared table and bed with their master.

These details came out in court the other day when Sherman Bainbridge, a brother of Carleton, refused to let the $30,000 fortune go to the dogs. His counsel cited Carleton's stories about his remarkable pets as evidence that Carleton had been of unsound mind.

The court gave Pat and Gunner their chance to speak up and defend their benefactor. But the educated setters must have read somewhere that silence is golden. They remained politely mute, except for a definitely canine bark that Gunner let out once.

The jury sided with Carleton's brother and disinherited the long-haired heirs.

Residents of Los Angeles who voiced surprise over Carleton's benevolence would have been more astounded by some of history's earlier dog-lovers.

PRUSSIA'S Frederick the Great was so fond of his four-footed friends that he kept open house for them. The pack ran free through his palace of Sans-Souci, slept unscolded on expensively upholstered chairs and were buried in costly tombs topped with marble statues of themselves.

A former Maharaja of Patiala was equally princely as a dog-fancier. While many of his ragged human subjects starved in mud huts, the Indian potentate fed 1,000 pedigreed dogs on dainties, decked them in brocades and silver collars, and housed them in the world's most luxurious kennels.

A couple of years ago, in Tomahawk, Wis., a plutocratic pup named Pet died after eight years of luxurious living on a $30,000 bequest of his mistress, the late Margaret McDermott of Chicago.

Mrs. McDermott found Pet, a forlorn stray, in a crowded grocery store, and took him home with her. When she died, she left him the richest pup in the country. Relatives fought her strange bequest, but the court ruled in Pet's favor after long litigation.

Brownie, a Woburn, Mass., airedale, also had his day in court in defense of $20,000 left to him by his mistress, the late Mrs. Marion Springer. Mrs. Springer's relatives tried to force Brownie to share his legacy, but the court sided against them.

The moral is—never sell a dog's life short. Pat and Gunner lost the $30,000, but other moneyed mutts have led the life of Reilly.

Bainbridge's Canine Pals Not Only Shared Bed and Table With Their Master, but He Even Read Bedtime Stories to Them.

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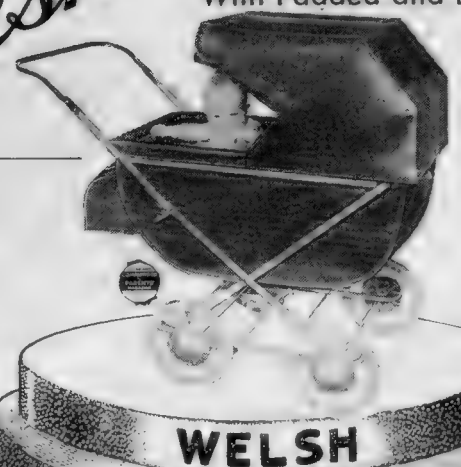

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CASE OF THE *Suspicious*

By Peter Levins

FOR more than 13 years, through many heartbreaking trials, handsome Pat Mahon's wife had remained unfailingly loyal to him. But when she encountered a checkroom stub in a suit of his on the morning of April 28, 1924, she resolved to do something about it.

He had assured her that no other woman had come into his life. Nevertheless, her doubts had persisted.

He had not been very good at explaining away his lately developed habit of spending his week ends elsewhere than at home.

"I'm going to look into this," she told herself. "There'll have to be a showdown."

That she had endured much there certainly could be no gainsaying.

A native of Liverpool, Patrick Herbert Mahon had married her in 1910 at the age of 20, and within a year her long ordeal had started. That was when the athletic, curly-haired youth, who had starred on his church football team, forged a $500 check and skipped to the Isle of Man with a girl he'd entrapped with his undoubted personal charms.

However, the complainant had decided not to press the forgery charge, so he'd received a suspended sentence and his wife had taken him back.

The couple had moved to Wiltshire, also in western England. A daughter had been born to them, and Mahon had gone to work for a local dairy firm. He became a star on the town's soccer team.

THEN, just when life seemed to calm down, he got into trouble again.

Craving cash with which to bet on the horses, he stole $300 of his employer's money and got 12 months in jail. Still his wife remained loyal and hopeful.

On his release, the family moved to Calne, where several unsolved burglaries occurred. In 1916, they moved to Sunningdale.

There another distressing thing had happened. Mahon broke into a local bank one night, believing it to be deserted. Instead he encountered a charwoman who recognized him. He had struck her down with a hammer, and for this he got five years.

While he served his time, Mrs. Mahon went to work for the Consols Automatic Aerators Ltd. in London.

It was through her that he got a job with the same company upon his release in 1921.

By May, 1922, Mahon had become sales manager of the Hanworth Road, Sunbury, branch, his wife having meanwhile quit her own job to manage her little household on Pagoda Avenue, Kew.

Again life seemed to have straightened out.

Then on that April morning in 1924, Mrs. Mahon, while emptying the pockets of a suit she intended to send to the cleaner's, found that checkroom stub which showed that Pat had checked a piece of luggage at Waterloo station, London.

Here, she felt sure, was a strictly private matter to be settled between him and her.

Surely this could involve nothing that might get Pat into trouble with the authorities. Obviously he had taken up with another woman, and there would now have to be a showdown. Nobody need know a thing about it.

The consequences of her decision were:

1. She turned the stub over to a friend who was connected with the railway police.

2. The stub led to a brown gladstone bag which contained a most curious assortment of articles. Two long, wide pieces of new, white silk, covered with blood; a pair of torn twill bloomers; a stained towel; a stained silk scarf. Also a brown canvas tennis racket case, and a cook's meat cleaver. The contents of the bag had been sprinkled with disinfectant.

3. Scotland Yard was informed of the find, and Chief Inspector Percy Savage took charge of the investigation.

At his suggestion, a railroad officer called on Mrs. Mahon.

"YOU have nothing to worry about," the officer reassured her, at the same time handing over the stub. "Pat seems to be behaving himself extremely well. By all means you must return the stub to the pocket where you found it."

Mrs. Mahon, only too ready to be reassured, did so.

Savage's next move was to establish a 24-hour watch on the checkroom window.

Early the evening of May 2, Detective Constable Mark Thompson saw a man present a stub at the window and receive in return the brown gladstone bag.

Thompson accosted the man as he was leaving the station. "Do you own that bag?" he asked, showing his badge.

"Certainly!" the man exclaimed.

"I'd like to see what's in it."

"Unfortunately I don't happen to have the key," the man replied.

"In that case," Thompson told him, "I'll have to take you—and the bag—to the police station."

"This seems a silly sort of business!" the suspect said.

However, he offered no objection as the detective escorted him to Kennington Road station, where Inspector Savage began questioning him at 8:30.

"How do you explain possession of these articles?" Savage asked after the bag had been opened.

"I am a dog fancier," replied Patrick Herbert Mahon. "I have carried meat for my pet in this bag."

Savage tried a chance shot. "That blood is human blood!" he snapped.

Mahon seemed unaffected. "You seem to know all about it," he remarked.

The Yard men said nothing. For several minutes, officers and suspect sat there without a word. Finally Mahon murmured:

"I am considering my position."

Still the detectives merely looked at him, saying nothing.

After another 15 minutes had passed, Mahon said, "Since you seem to know something about this, I might as well tell you the truth."

Presently he was making a statement.

He said that in June, 1923, he had made the acquaintance of Miss Emily Kaye, a stenographer employed by a firm whose officers were on Copthall Avenue, London. They had met in the course of a business transaction between his company and hers.

"We became sweethearts," he said.

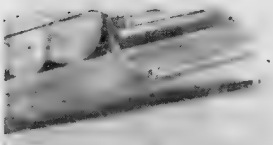
THE romance had reached a crucial point, he continued, in March, 1924, when Miss Kaye informed him she was an expectant mother. Because of this, she wanted him to quit his wife and marry her.

Instead, Mahon had suggested an "experiment."

He proposed that they go to the seashore for a couple of days, live there as husband and wife, and see how they got along with each other.

Emily had agreed, and the experiment had gotten under way on April 12, when they met at

Wife



"The Coal Axe Struck Me on the Shoulder. It Stunned Me. I Was in Fear of My Life."

(An English coal axe somewhat resembles an American ball hammer. It has no cutting edge and is used to break up large lumps of coal.)

"The axe struck me on the shoulder. It stunned me and shocked me. She came at me, clawing my face and neck. I was in fear of my life. It was in sheer desperation that I closed with her.

"She was amazingly strong. Kicking and fighting, we struggled around the room. Suddenly I felt us both falling.

"I was on the floor, stunned. Emily lay there, too, but she didn't get up. Her head had struck a coal scuttle with terrible violence."

Inspector Savage and Detective Thompson listened without expression. The police stenographer bent over his pad, recording every word.

"It was a nightmare," Mahon continued. "All the time that we struggled there was a thunderstorm going on. Lightning flashed through the windows.

"I tried to revive Emily, but I could not."

REALIZING that he might be accused of murder, Mahon said he carried the body to the spare bedroom and covered it with Emily's overcoat.

The next morning, having decided to dispose of the body, he had gone to London and bought a knife and a small saw. He had returned to the cottage fairly late that night.

"I was still so upset," he said, "that I could not then carry out my intention. I did that the next day, which was Good Friday."

He said that in subsequent days he journeyed several times to Eastbourne, wondering what to do with fragments he had placed in a trunk. He said that he stayed at the bungalow on Saturday, the 19th, and on Sunday, returning to town on Monday.

"I went down again on Tuesday," he said. "I did not touch the body on Saturday, Sunday or Monday."

On Tuesday he had kept a hot fire going on in the living room grate.

On Saturday he had completed his task by dropping bundles from a train window between Richmond and Waterloo.

Mahon finished his statement at 2:30 a.m., May 3.

THAT same day, Savage and several other Yard men drove to Eastbourne, where they were met by Supt. David Sinclair of the East Sussex constabulary. Presently they were all at the cottage.

Immediately they proceeded to open a large steamer trunk, initialed E.B.K. which stood against the spare bedroom wall. It contained numerous fragments which Mahon had not yet disposed of.

Inspector Savage remarked to his companions:

"Note the coal scuttle, against which Mahon said she struck her head.

"Note that it is empty, and of flimsy construction. Note also that it is not dented in any way."

Returning to London that evening, Savage learned that the suspect wished to see him.

"I want to make some changes in my statement," Mahon told him. "The tragedy did not occur on the 16th, as I stated, but on the 15th."

Inspector Savage set to work to break down Mahon's story of a fatal accident. He checked on the purchase of the knife and saw, and immediately found a discrepancy.

Mahon had said he bought these articles in a shop on Victoria Street on the 17th. Actually he had bought them on the 12th, the very day he and Miss Kaye met at Eastbourne!

At this juncture, Savage learned that Mahon wanted to make some additions to his story.

He said that on the night of Saturday, April 12, while driving in a blinding rain through Richmond, he noticed an attractive girl standing on a corner. He had stopped and offered to drive her home. With a grateful smile, she had stepped into the car.

She told him that her name was Ethel Primrose Duncan, and that she was down on her luck. He confided that his home life hadn't been happy. They made a tentative date for the evening of the 16th.

ON THE afternoon of the 15th, he continued, he had wired Miss Duncan, asking her to meet him the next evening at Victoria station.

They had met, had dinner together, and he had invited her to visit the Eastbourne cottage. She had agreed to meet him at Eastbourne on the 18th.

The girl had come down that Good Friday.

While she and Mahon were in one room, that trunk and its contents had been in the other.

Miss Duncan had caught a glimpse of the trunk, he related, and he had told her it contained some books which were very valuable to him. At the first opportunity, he had placed a padlock on the spare room door.

"How could you entertain one woman in the place, while the body of another lay near by?" Savage asked.

"The place was haunted," Mahon explained. "I wanted companionship. I'd have gone mad if that girl hadn't been with me. It was ghastly!"

He went on to say that on Saturday, the 19th, he had left Miss Duncan at the cottage while he attended the races at Plumpton.

She had accompanied him back to London on Monday.

Inspector Savage mulled over this new contribution to the case.

Mahon had said he wired Miss Duncan on the 15th—before the tragedy—inviting her to meet him at Victoria station on the 16th, which would be after the lightning flashed around the hideout at Eastbourne.

It would appear from this that Mahon knew, when he wired Miss Duncan, that he would be free to meet her for dinner the next evening.

Meanwhile, Scotland Yard sleuths had uncovered these bits of evidence:

Before leaving for Eastbourne, Miss Kaye had withdrawn $2,000 from her savings of $3,000.

In the ensuing days, Mahon had changed three large bills into smaller ones. The bills had been among those the deluded woman had withdrawn in preparation for her elopement.

"I think we are now ready to try this man," Savage declared.

THE trial opened on July 15 in County Hall, Lewes, at the Sussex summer assizes, before Mr. Justice Avory.

Chief prosecutor was Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, assisted by Cecil R. Havers and H. R. Hume, while J. D. Cassels headed the defense, assisted by T. I. Gates and C. A. Hollingswood.

After Sir Henry had built up his case to prove premeditated murder, Mahon dared to take the stand in his own defense. But the crown prosecutor disposed of his fatal accident story far more effectively than the accused had disposed of Emily Kaye.

The jury needed only 45 minutes to find him guilty as charged.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?" asked Justice Avory.

Mahon replied:

"I feel too conscious of the bitterness and unfairness of the summing-up which you have uttered to say anything except that I am not guilty."

Justice Avory donned his black cap. "The sentence of the court upon you," he stated, "is that you be taken from this place to a lawful prison, and then to a place of execution; and that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and that your body be buried afterward within the precincts of the prison wherein you have been last confined before your execution.

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

At Wandsworth prison, where he awaited his doom, Mahon told his jailers that he had indeed killed his companion because she had become a nuisance, as well as for her savings.

"But I wish you would not make this public," he added, "because it might make a bad impression."

He was hanged on Sept. 3, 1924, a little more than four months after Mrs. Mahon decided to do something about that "private matter."

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

Eastbourne and rented a cottage on Pevensvey Downs, four miles out of town. It was one of a row of whitewashed houses formerly occupied by officers of the coast guard.

Mahon related that they stayed there three days, and virtually agreed on their future plans. Emily had quit her job before meeting him at Eastbourne.

Mahon said they had decided that he should abandon his wife, after which he and Emily would sail for South Africa, there to start life anew.

They had returned to London on the 16th, he went on, to attend to various business matters, but were back in the cottage by evening.

"Meanwhile I'd had a change of heart," he told his listeners. "I said I didn't think I should desert my wife, and that I would not go to South Africa with her.

"That made her so furious that she picked up a heavy coal axe and threw it at me.

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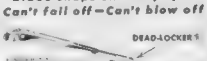

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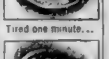
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Letters to the Editor

(The following letters from American Weekly readers were inspired by a recent note from Mrs. Adele Kungie of Chicago, who wrote that she had been a reader of this magazine since 1921.)

I CAN top Mrs. Kungie's 26-year record as a reader of The American Weekly because I distinctly remember an article you ran about the British royal family when King George V was inaugurated back in 1911.

At the time I was a pupil in the Fruitville (now East Oakland) School and we had a history test on the ruling house of the British Empire. Because I had read The American Weekly the day before I could answer all the questions.

And when I was a small child—I think it was in 1905 or 1906—The American Weekly published an article about "Princess Alice" Roosevelt and her life in the White House.

I always enjoyed reading the Weekly and it helped me many times because it is educational as well as interesting. It is still the country's No. 1 magazine so far as I am concerned.

Mrs. Marie Kneier Palasson
East Oakland, Calif.

* * *

We were married in the spring of 1900 and have received your magazine for 17 years—45 years from the same store—and we would not be without it.

Mrs. Emil Munch
Erie, Pa.

* * *

I believe I have Mrs. Kungie topped. I first started reading The American Weekly during the sensational Harry K. Thaw-Stanford White case, and can say I've been a subscriber to papers which carried The Weekly ever since. No matter where I've lived—in Kansas, Utah, Oklahoma, Texas and now California.

I am nearing my 60th birthday and not knowing what year the Thaw-White case occurred (Ed. Note—1907), but being brought back to memory by your recent series of articles on the case, I hereby put in my bid as a long-time reader.

Mrs. Julia Murray
Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

The woman who wrote you that she had been reading The American Weekly for 37 years has a long way to go to qualify as your oldest reader. I began reading the Hearst papers in 1892 or 1893 and have followed The American Weekly since it was started in 1896... Two articles, printed many years ago, impressed me very much. One was about the electrical theory of the earth's formation and the other was illustrated with a drawing of Jesus studying with some of the old masters of wisdom in India. . . .

S. W. Dodds
Paducah, Ky.

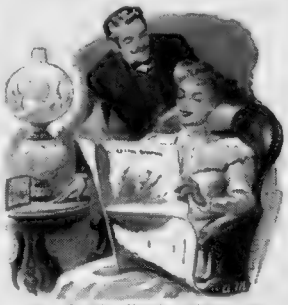
* * *

I have been reading the Weekly for over 20 years in the Milwaukee Sentinel. It's read by every member of the family and we all like it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Look
Mosinee, Wis.

I can't remember when I first started reading The American Weekly, but I became acutely aware of it when I lived in Boston in 1918 and you published an article about a friend of mine. I was, of course, very much interested.

My Sunday is not complete without my copy of The American Weekly, and I read it from cover to cover, including the advertisements.



One Couple Hasn't Missed an Issue of The American Weekly for 47 Years.

Mrs. Corda Sample
Corresponding Secretary, American War Mothers, Calif. Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

My wife and I went to school together, and on Sunday afternoons, when we walked out into the country, we always had The American Weekly with us. We have been married 30 years and have a fine family of five children and, believe it or not, we haven't missed an issue of the magazine in 40 years.

Bernard Waleski
Derby, Conn.

* * *

I've been reading The American Weekly since before you ran a contest to determine a slogan (Ed. Note—1933).

Mrs. Sarah A. Driller
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I've been a constant reader of The American Weekly for over 25 years. . . .

Paul W. Nelson
Jackson, Miss.

* * *

I have been a subscriber to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer for 62 years—or before The American Weekly became a part of it. In 1915 I was runner-up for the longest subscriber to any one periodical in the United States. I can't tell you what I like best about The American Weekly because I like everything in it. I hope you continue forever!

Charles W. Scott
Seattle, Wash.

* * *

I am a 76-year-old reader of the Los Angeles Examiner. My father was one of the first subscribers to it when it was first published, and it has been the family paper ever since. I read the first issue of The American Weekly and have missed only a few copies since. I loved each department of every issue and wish you continued success with your estimable publication.

Mrs. G. King
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Last September I completed 27 straight years of reading the Weekly. I came to Bowling Green 27 years ago and, while I know I read The American Weekly before that time, I can't be certain of dates.

Alice Miller
Bowling Green, Ohio

* * *

We have been reading the Weekly for over 32 years in papers from New York to Los Angeles. No matter where we find ourselves, we always manage to get a newspaper that carries The American Weekly, and we read the magazine from cover to cover.

Mrs. Hazel M. Baird
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

I am proud of my record of 37 years. I started when I was a child in 1910, and loved the pictures by Nell Brinkley. Your articles in The American Weekly have given me an education in a painless way. My whole family reads it front to back and also back to front.

Wanda Wolski
Forest Hills, N. Y.

* * *

I have been reading The American Weekly since 1912 when I was married. My husband took it before that, when it was first published in Los Angeles. So he has read it since the very beginning. Don't you think we're a little ahead of Mrs. Kungie?

Mrs. Joseph Wayman
Huntington Park, Calif.

* * *

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Medical Hucksters

DOWN through the years, the American public has been victimized by audacious medical fakers, and some of them still operate today. They offer phony cures for a price, and too often the price, to the patient, includes death.

Beginning next week, The American Weekly presents for the first time the full, dramatic story of how these men have preyed on a trusting public. Horse liniment for tuberculosis; a device to "magnetize" the iron in your blood; colored light bulbs to "cure" all ills—these were some of their weapons against distress.

These stories, told by Morris Fishbein, Editor, the Journal of the American Medical Association, and staff-writer William Engle, may light the way for many who might otherwise be deceived. Don't miss "Medical Hucksters," beginning next week.

AT THE end of the recent war, America's 17-year-olds led all other age groups in arrests for major crimes. In 1946, more than 100,000 youngsters under 21 were arrested for crimes serious enough for fingerprinting.

Who is to blame for this shocking picture? Is it up to the youngsters, their parents or the community to stem this rising barometer of national moral disintegration? Director J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. has written his answer to these challenging questions in an important article, "Forgotten Children," for next week's issue.

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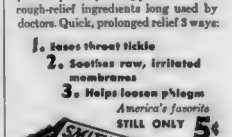

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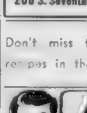
Don't miss the tempting [redacted] recipes in the Household Almanac.



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Wheelchair Madonna

She Refused to Be Cheated of Motherhood Just Because She Couldn't Have a Child of Her Own

The Crippled Foster Mother Needs No Help In Bringing Up Her Baby, and Does All Her Own Housework.

PRETTY, brown-eyed Mrs. Henry Kelln, Jr., of Milwaukee, smiled down at the baby and said, "Aren't we lucky? Lucky to have been able to adopt a baby, and especially one as wonderful as Pat." She hugged the baby closer and then, one eye on the clock, she smiled an apologetic, "Be back in a minute," and whisked out of the room.

Presently she was back with a nursing bottle snuggled in a crocheted pink cover. "It isn't a bit of trouble to take care of her," she said, settling Patricia June comfortably for her two o'clock feeding. "It's never trouble to take care of anything you love as much as we love this baby."

Talking to Mrs. Kelln, so blissfully happy with her Pat, you inevitably ponder on those women who bemoan the work they make and the time it takes to care for them, and those who shudder away from adopting a baby because they "don't want the responsibility of raising someone else's children."

Nobody would ever blame pleasant, dark-haired Mrs. Kelln for not having children, or for never doing anything more about children than perhaps knitting a sweater now and then for a friend's offspring.

Most women in her circumstances would consider it their rightful lot to sit with hands folded and never lift a finger — for Mrs. Kelln's days are spent in a wheelchair. She has been crippled since she was 13, when she was stricken with infantile paralysis.

Yet to Mrs. Kelln, a baby is "no trouble", and the happiest moment of her life was when she and her husband, unable to have children themselves, were recently given the chance to adopt month-old Patricia June, after four long years of hoping and praying.

"We are eternally grateful for the privilege," they say.

MRS. KELLN was one of the older children in a large family, so she was fully aware of what having a baby to care for would mean. She scoffs when anyone suggests that she's doing anything out of the ordinary.

She does all her own work and must do it from a wheelchair—the washing, cleaning, marketing and cooking, as well as caring for the baby.

Friends who have watched her at work around the house have long since gotten over their surprise at the ease with which she gets things done. And that's the way Mrs. Kelln wants it. She's satisfied to get along without needless sympathy.

"When you have a handicap," she says, "you just learn to do things the best way you can. Perhaps I don't do them as fast as others, but well, they get done."

Parents were never any prouder than the Kellns were when Pat was baptized a few weeks ago. Kelln carried his daughter, dressed in her white satin and lace christening dress and contentedly sucking her thumb, down the aisle of the church. Mrs. Kelln followed in her wheelchair. It was a day of quiet reverence and thanksgiving for both of them.

They are not wealthy people. After an industrial accident several years ago, Henry opened a meat market and grocery store in Milwaukee and they live above the store. But they are making great plans for Patricia June's future. Already they have an insurance policy which will provide funds for her college education, and her swelling piggy bank will soon grow into a private bank account.

Their planning foresees psychological as well as economic hurdles for their child. The Kellns are firm in their belief that adopted children should be made to feel that they have been especially chosen by their foster parents.

"We intend to tell Patricia June that she was adopted," says Mrs. Kelln, "as soon as she is old enough to understand the situation.

"My husband and I believe that our child will love us as much as though we were her real father and mother—if we are honest about our relationship to her."

Mrs. Kelln smiles when people marvel at her and ask, "How in the world do you do it?"

"You can do anything if you want to enough," she says. And from the expression on her face as she looks at tiny Pat you know that she does want to more than enough.

SOME babies go for spoon-pounding in a big way . . . (that's just healthy self-expression).

SOME fling empty dishes at the floor (just getting used to new equipment).

BUT more babies go for Gerber's than any other Baby Foods! So ask the doctor about starting your tot on good-tasting Gerber's Cereals—often the *very first* solid food after milk. When the time comes for Strained Foods—and later Junior Foods—continue with the baby favorites *more doctors approve*—Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meat-combinations, Desserts!

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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MONEY-SAVING DRIED FRUIT RECIPES by Betty Blake

Dried fruits are among our most economical foods, with a full money's worth of goodness and flavor. Here's a delicious new SUNSWEET recipe that's not only a "company" treat but downright thrifty as well.

JACK HORNER ROLLS

2 cups sifted all purpose flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
¾ cup milk
12-15 cooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes
Brown sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Add milk, and stir until blended. Knead lightly on floured board. Roll about ¼ inch thick, and cut into 2½ inch squares. Pit prunes. On each square place a pitted prune and 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Bring corners together over prunes, pinching edges to seal. Place in greased baking pan, and bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 25 minutes. Makes 12 to 15 delicious rolls.

★ ★ ★ ★

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Sally Young's feature, "Slender Lines," in this issue tells the smartly groomed woman what to do about [illegible] for her figure fault.

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Household Almanac

Amy Alden

Add Zest to Your Vegetables With Crispy Flavorful Sausages

COLD, wintry weather and hearty, hot sausage dishes go hand in hand. You'll find, too, that besides being good eating, these dishes are quickly and easily prepared.

The sausage mixed grill lends itself readily to different combinations besides the one given. You can use baked acorn squash and whole corn kernels arranged with the broiled sausages to make a flavorsome dish. Skillet beans with sausage taste just right when served with a little chili sauce. Because lentils by themselves are so bland, we cook them with onions, garlic, tomatoes and celery topped with 8 little sausages. Do not forget the cocktail sausages that are so good for parties. Dip them in batter and saute, or broil them plain. In any event, stick a toothpick into the hot sausages for a handle.

A good green salad mixed and tossed at the table is good with any of these and we think you will especially like the one we have given you here.

This Is The Time For SAUSAGE

Sausage Mixed Grill

Arrange 8 sausage links on broiler rack and broil for 8 min. Then arrange 8 slices of bacon, 2 tomatoes cut in halves crosswise and 8 large mushroom caps on rack with sausages. Broil about 6 min or longer until bacon is crisp and tomatoes and mushrooms are tender. Brush the vegetables with melted butter or fat and sprinkle with salt and pepper before broiling. In serving, arrange on a hot platter and garnish with watercress or parsley. Serves 4. For another arrangement, cut ribbed green acorn squash in quarters lengthwise, scrape out seeds and stringy portions. Into each hollow place 1 tsp. brown sugar, 1 tsp. butter, and ⅛ tsp. salt. Then bake covered in a pan the bottom of which is covered with water. Bake at 400° F. for 1 hour. Serve on hot platter with the broiled sausages, and a can of whole grain corn which has been previously heated. Serves 4.

Skillet Beans With Sausage

1½ cups yellow-eyed beans
6 cups cold water
1½ tsps. salt
1 tsp. celery seeds
1 cup sliced onions
½ lb. sausage meat
1 tbsp. flour
¼ cup chili sauce (optional)

Wash beans. Soak overnight in 4 cups water. In morning add salt, celery seeds, onions and remaining 2 cups water. Cover and simmer 2 hours, or until beans are tender, adding boiling water, if necessary. Meanwhile cook sausage meat in a skillet until browned, but not done. Stir in flour. Drain beans and add to sausage. Measure bean liquid and, if necessary, add enough water to make 1½ cups. Stir into sausage mixture. Cover and simmer 30 min. Add chili sauce, if desired. Serves 4.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Lentils and Sausages

1 cup dried lentils
1 qt. cold water
⅔ cup minced onion
1 tbsp. minced parsley
½ minced, peeled clove garlic
3 tbsps. minced celery
2 tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. fat or salad oil
1 tbsp flour
½ lb. sausages (8 small)
2 sliced, peeled, medium tomatoes

Wash lentils, pick over, and soak overnight in the cold water. Drain, reserving liquid. Heat 2 cups of this liquid; add lentils and next 6 ingredients; cook, covered, 12-15 min., or until nearly tender. Drain and measure liquid; add enough of reserved liquid or water to make 1¼ cups liquid. Place lentil mixture in a 10" x 6"x2" baking dish. Melt fat in saucepan; stir in flour; add the reserved 1¼ cups liquid; cook until thickened. Pour over lentils. Place sausages in a cold skillet and then saute over low heat for 12-14 min., or until done, turning once or twice, and pouring off the fat as it accumulates. Arrange sausages and tomatoes, sprinkled with a little salt, on top of lentils. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 20 min. Serves 4-5.

Cocktail Sausage Hors d'Oeuvres

Cocktail sausages about 1¼ in. long now come in packages and cans. Saute these in a skillet or bake in a moderately hot oven of 400° F. until golden brown and served pierced with toothpicks or on crackers.

Sausage Scrapple

2 minced, large peeled onions
5 cups cold water
¾ lb. sausage meat
1½ cups yellow cornmeal
1 tbsp. salt
1 tsp. poultry seasoning
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. celery seeds
⅛ tsp. curry powder

Combine onions with the cold water in a large kettle. Stir in sausage meat and simmer, uncovered, 10 min. Sift in cornmeal gradually, and the seasonings, stirring constantly. Simmer 10 min., stirring occasionally. Pour into a greased or oiled loaf pan, 10" by 5" by 3", chill until firm. Slice ¼" thick; saute in hot fat or salad oil to golden brown on both sides. Makes about 30 slices.

Sausage Patties

½ lb. sausage meat
½ cup cornflakes
3 tbsps. milk
1 tbsp. chili sauce

Mix all ingredients together. Chill well. Then shape into 4 or 5 patties, and saute until done—about 20 min., turning as they brown. Serves 4.

Wrapped Piggies

2 cups flour
3 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
3 tbsps. shortening
⅔ cup milk (about)
Prepared mustard
2 cans cocktail sausages

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, cut in shortening. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Toss on lightly floured board, knead lightly and roll or pat ⅛" thick. Cut with floured cutter, cover each round with a thin spread of mustard. Place one sausage on the round and roll until sausage is covered with dough. Place lapped-over side down in a greased pan. Bake in an oven of 400° F. for 15 or 20 min. Serve hot.

Sausage in Potatoes

Select as many good sized potatoes as you need; peel, and bore holes all the way through with the apple corer. Stuff holes with tiny sausages. Bake on shallow tin at 425° F. for 45 min. or until done.

Green Salad With Watercress

1 peeled clove garlic
1 small head lettuce
½ cup sliced radishes
½ cup sliced, pared carrots
1 tbsp. minced onion
¼ tsp. granulated sugar
Speck pepper
¼ tsp. celery seed
5 tbsps. salad oil
3 tbsps. lemon juice
1 avocado, peeled and sliced
1 bunch watercress, washed

Rub a large salad bowl with a clove of garlic cut in half. Break lettuce into pieces, then place in bowl with next three ingredients. Just before serving combine next 6 ingredients. Add these with avocado and watercress to salad in bowl. Serve at the table, tossing the salad well. Makes 6 servings.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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TWO pointers for delicious fruit pancakes!

1st pointer

Follow this easy PARKAY recipe

Flip a bit of imagination into griddle cake cookery, and you create this mouth-watering treat. First, make up your regular pancake batter, using wholesome Parkay Margarine as shortening. Peel, core and slice a tart, juicy apple; add apple slices to the batter and cook as usual. Brown both sides of pancakes and serve piping hot

And for a fine flavor touch that *never* varies—be sure to follow pointer *two*

2nd pointer

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The Epicure

CHINESE DISHES

By MARIA GAMBARELLI

WHEN I first became interested in Oriental dancing and spent many hours a day with Far Eastern dancers, I was amazed not only by their extraordinary litheness, but also by their lovely complexions. It soon became evident to me that their diet had a great deal to do with it. I found that after eating Chinese dishes more or less exclusively, I began to enjoy some of their facility of movement and clearness of skin.

I am still, several years later, addicted to Chinese food, and after a long tiring day of rehearsals and practice, nothing is so invigorating and easy as cooking a Chinese dinner. Here are two dishes which present few problems and taste delicious.

After Four Years as Premiere Danseuse of the Metropolitan, Maria Gambarelli Formed Her Own Ballet Troupe for a Nationwide Tour. She Raises Peacocks and Cocker Spaniels at Her Home on Long Island Sound.

Sanguion

1 lb. beef, sliced paper thin
1½ lbs. sanguion (young green ginger root), sliced paper thin
3 tbsps. soya sauce
1 clove garlic, chopped fine
Peanut oil

Place 2 tsps. of peanut oil in a large skillet. Add the garlic and meat and cook about 2 minutes turning frequently.

Then add ginger root (sanguion) and soya sauce. Turn several times until ready to eat. Don't cook more than 10 minutes. Serve with Chinese vegetables or rice or chow mein (crisp noodles).

Chinese vegetables include cabbage, radish leaves, soya beans, bean and bamboo sprouts, radishes, spinach, celery and several sea weeds.

Cantonese Pancakes

½ cup flour
2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 tbsp. butter
¼ tsp. salt

Beat all ingredients together until smooth. Thin with more milk if necessary. Fry on hot greased griddle, until evenly browned on both sides. When done, fill with any hot chopped meat mixture and roll.

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Sally Young's feature, "Slender Lines," in this issue tells the smartly groomed woman what to do about clothes for her figure fault.

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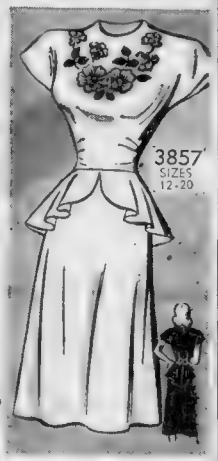

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SLENDER LINES

By Sasey Young

THE smartly groomed woman, generally, is the one who knows she has figure faults and does something about them. She does it with the clothes she chooses, for clothes are wonderful camouflaging agents if chosen correctly. In the right dress, a size 46 can make as charming a picture as her smaller sister. But there are a few things to watch.

Start with a good foundation garment and properly fitting lingerie. Buy slips that won't ride up, twist or bunch around the waist or hips. Building on a firm foundation is a good idea at all times. Though strong, the garment can be comfortable and of lightweight fabrics. It is the cut and fit that count. For dresswear, choose an all-in-one foundation.

Dresses

WHEN it comes to dresses, the general rule is: the simpler, the smarter. The new longer hemline is good for you, but don't get a dress with too full a skirt. Keep the important lines vertical — long up-and-down pleats, tucks and drapery will make the most of your height.

Choose dark colors and stay away from bulky materials. Solid colors are best, as are simple sleeves. A good black basic dress that can change character with jewelry changes is as good in larger sizes as in all others.

Coats

A WINTER coat, though warm, should also be bulkless. Good is the deep, easy-cut Dolman-type sleeve, the front button or side tie closing, the young shawl or convertible collar, the gored skirt or full back.

In furs, short-haired skins —long, sleek Persians and Broadtails promote slender lines more effectively than a fox fur jacket.

Hats

YOUR hat can be part of your slenderizing scheme. Always try on hats in front of a full-length mirror to see what it will do for you. It should create an illusion of height and not emphasize round facial lines.

If you're short or medium, choose medium brims. Upswept profiles and off-the-face hats are especially good, too. They also have the advantage of being stylish.

If you're tall you can wear wide brims, but slant them provocatively. Steer clear of tiny hats that are narrower than your face and the downward lines of pancakes and floppy cartwheels.

Hair Styles

YOUR hair style should be chosen with care also. Not too many curls, not too fluffy, not too ornate and not too blonde is good advice.

A sleek, smooth hairdo is better as a rule. Wear braids—if your hair is long enough; otherwise get an artificial braid—to give you height. A smooth chignon is lady-like and becoming to most. Or, if you wear your hair short, keep it close to the head, orderly and well groomed.

Accessories

THE best jewelry for you might consist of a few good-sized pieces in not too ornate design.

And the new, deeper shades in stockings are not only stylish, but ideal for you.

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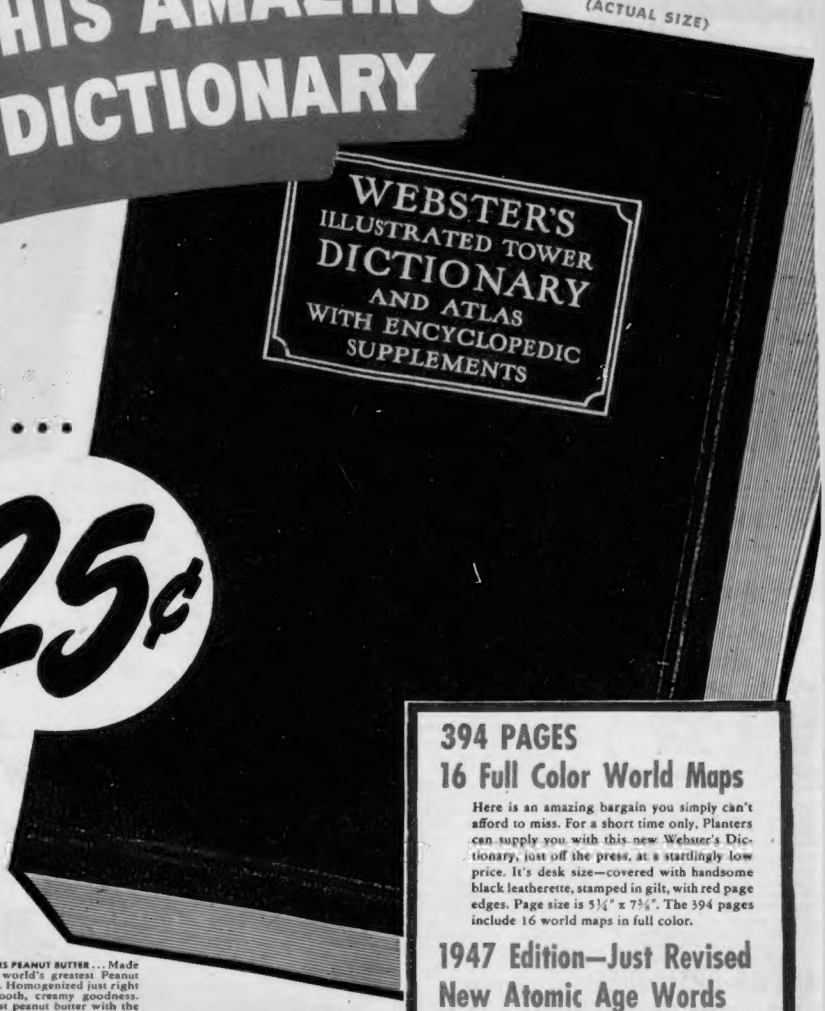

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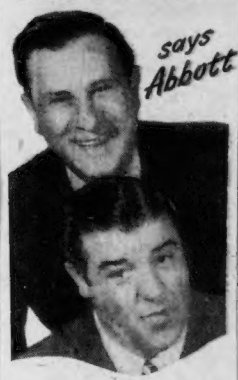

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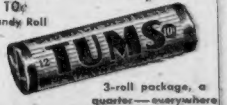

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By Dria Denison

TOO many bags on a quickie winter vacation are a bother; overweight plane charges a nuisance. You can avoid both of these distractions by taking with you just the right things for every occasion — but no more!

Paramount Studio designer Dorothy O'Hara has selected and designed a resort wardrobe for the Arnold Constable store in New York. Though compact, it is complete, pleasantly varied, and thoroughly usable. Best of all, it falls within the 55-pound weight allowed for airplane travel to Hawaii.

No excess baggage charges for Mexican travel either. This basic wardrobe can easily be adapted for United States travel (40 pounds), or to meet personal clothing whims.

COTTONS:
1 suit
2 dresses

AFTERNOONS:
1 black dress
1 high shade crepe
3 prints

FURS:
1 scarf

DINNER:
1 dark ankle length dress
1 gray print dinner dress

COAT: Pastel topper—carry

SUIT:
Pastel with extra skirt

BLOUSE:
Three
Short-sleeved sweater

HOSE: 6 pairs

SHOES:
Pumps—black with closed toe and heel
Scuffs—for prints
Slippers—bedroom
Spectator pumps
Dance shoes
Beach slippers

GLOVES:
White—medium arm
Black—medium arm
Gray—medium arm

LINGERIE:
2 nightgowns
6 panties
2 bras
2 girdles
3 slips
1 bedroom robe

COSMETICS:
Brush
Comb
Cold cream
Deodorant
Tissues
Toothbrush and paste
Hair pins
Cotton
Wash rag
(Other cosmetics in your purse)

HATS:
1 black—wear
1 turban—pack

JEWELRY:
3 necklaces } matching &
3 earrings } inter-
3 bracelets } changeable
1 pin
1 ring

PERFUME

PURSES:
1 sport
1 dress
1 evening

SCARVES:
2 silk or rayon

RECREATION:
2 bathing suits
1 light beach robe
1 bathing cap
1 beach bag (sun oil, etc.)
1 pair shorts
1 pair pedal pushers

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